

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS,
FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS;
WITH
OTHERS NEW COMPOSED,
FOR THE USE OF THE
SOCIETY,
NOW MEETING IN

St. PAUL'S CHAPPLE, NORWICH.

By JAMES BRETTELL.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing, and making Melody in your Hearts to the L. O. R. D. Eph. v. 19.

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H Y M N S,

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

H Y M N I.

An Easter Hymn.

I.

C O M E ye Saints and Angels join
In a Song of Praise divine;
CHRIST, whody'd our Soulsto save,
Now is risen from the Grave.

II.

Shout with Joy in Songs of praise,
Tune your Hearts, your Voices raise;
He shed his Blood our Souls to save,
Now he riseth from the Grave.

A 2

CHRIST

III.

CHRIST hath burst the Bands of Death,
 Tho' of Live he was bereft,
 Death the Monarch he out-brav'd,
 Rose triumphant o'er the Grave.

IV.

Now in vain the Watch doth stand,
 Angels from the Throne descend
 The LORD to see, who dy'd to save,
 Rise triumphant o'er the Grave.

V.

Satan now for evermore,
 Thou hast lost thy reigning power,
 CHRIST all Power hath to save,
 Lo! he riseth from the Grave.

VI.

Amidst his seeking Souls he stands,
 Shewing them his bleeding Hands,
 Now his mourning Followers prove,
 He's the unchanging God of Love.

VII.

Wait ye Heirs till CHRIST descends,
 Thousands of his Saints he'll bring,
 We shall join the happy Train,
 Reign triumphant with the Lamb.

H Y M N II.

An Easter Hymn.

I.

EARLY the first Day of the Week,
 Did Mary go her LORD to seek,

Nor

Nor could her Soul contented be,
Till she her risen LORD did see.

II.

The Earth did shake at GOD's Command,
When CHRIST did from the Grave ascend,
The Keepers trembled with surprise,
To see the Lord of Glory rise.

III.

An Angel then to Mary said,
Thou JESUS seeks, be not afraid,
He crucified needs must be,
And rise to set the Captives free.

IV.

Go quickly his Disciples tell,
To doubt no more their fears dispel,
Their living LORD, JEHOVAH, he
Hath conquer'd Death, to set them free.

V.

O let my Heart with Joy abound,
Wait the last Trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the Tomb with sweet surprise,
And in my SAVIOUR's image rise.

VI.

Then Saints with perfect Love shall sing,
The Praises of their GOD and KING,
And perfect Bliss shall ever prove,
When thus receiv'd in JESUS' Love.

VII.

O glorious Hour! O blest Abode!
Exalted near my conqu'ring GOD,

When sinful Flesh no more controul
The sacred Pleasure of my Soul.

VIII.

Praise, praise the FATHER and the SON,
Praise ye the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Praise ye your GOD, and him alone,
Praise him with Angels round the Throne.

H Y M N III.

I.

BEHOLD, dear Lamb, thy Children here,
We loving one another dear,
Are met to talk about that Love,
That brought thee down from Realms above

II.

In thee, united we profess
Thou art the LORD, our Righteousness,
Thy perfect Offering makes us clean
From ev'ry guilty Spot and Stain.

III.

All Things are dung within our Eyes,
But thee, O glorious Sacrifice;
Of nought we'll boast, but only say,
The Lamb hath took our Sins away.

IV.

We'll glory LORD in this alone,
We'll sing, thy Blood did full atone,
We'll sing of that again, again
Thy Blood we'll sing. Amen, Amen.

H Y M N IV.

I.

COME, LORD, and help me to rejoice,
 In hope that I shall hear thy Voice,
 And now shall see my GOD;
 Shall cease from all my Sin and Strife,
 Handle and taste the Word of Life,
 And feel the sprinkled Blood.

II.

I shall not always make my moan,
 Nor worship thee, a GOD unknown,
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy Peoples rest, thy Saints delight,
 The length and breadth, the depth and height
 Of thy redeeming Love.

III.

Rejoicing then in earnest Hope,
 LORD, bring me to the Mountain Top,
 To see the Land below,
 Where Milk and Honey daily rise,
 And all the Fruits of Paradise,
 In endless Plenty grow.

IV.

A Land of Corn, and Wine, and Oil,
 Favour'd with GOD's peculiar smile,
 With every Blessing blest;
 There dwells the LORD, our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect Peace,
 And everlasting Rest.

Now

V.

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
 For thou canst conquer all my Sin,
 The carnal Mind remove;
 The Purchase of thy Death divide,
 And O! with all the Sanctify'd
 Give me a Lot of Love.

H Y M N V.

I.

LORD, I hear thy Mercy store,
 Is for Sinners mournful poor,
 Then in Mercy hear my Cry,
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

II.

Law and Justice, both agree,
 They no Mercy can shew me,
 Make me now so loudly cry,
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die.

III.

What poor Sinner's this I hear
 That stands trembling at the Bar?
 That so loudly now doth cry,
 Give me CHRIST, or else I die,

IV.

O! those Groans do reach my Heart,
 In thy Pain I bear a part;
 And I will my Blood apply,
 Sinner thou shalt never die.

V.

Justice, now behold and see,
When I hung on yonder Tree;
There I did thee satisfy,
Still must this poor Sinner die.

VI.

Law, thou hast had thy full Demand,
Must the Debt be paid again!
No, saith Justice, that shan't be,
For the Sinner must go free.

VII.

Glory be to GOD above,
Glory be to JESUS' Love,
Thou hast set the Sinner free,
Glory, JESUS, be to thee.

H Y M N VI.

For the Lord's-Day.

I.

LORD, hast thou suffer'd me to see
Another of thy Days,
O fill my heart with love to thee,
And tune my Lips to praise.

II.

Within thy lower Courts of grace,
Let me with pleasure stay;
And let a Smile from JESUS' Face,
Chace all my doubts away.

III.

Display the Riches of thy Grace,
My Soul, O LORD, do cheer,

And

And shew thy reconciled Face,
To all thy People here.

IV.

As in the ancient Days, O LORD,
Thy glorious trophies spread;
Gird on thy all victorious sword,
And fill thy Foes with dread.

V.

Let every hardened Sinner here,
Feel, LORD, thy Grace abound;
Each broken Heart with Comfort cheer,
And heal their bleeding Wounds.

VI.

Descend, O sweet celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Powers;
O let a dear Redeemer's Love,
Distill in heavenly showers.

H Y M N VII.

For the Lord's-Day Evening.

NOW, LORD, another of thy Days,
I have on Earth enjoy'd;
But, ah! how little to thy Praise
My heart hath been employ'd.

II.

Tho I have heard thy holy Word,
And in thy Worship join'd;
Alas! how little of it, LORD,
Remains upon my Mind.

III.

Was't thou to call me to account,
 What I have gain'd this Day,
 How low the Product would amount,
 I tremble, LORD, to say.

IV.

For JESUS' Sake, my Fruitlessness,
 Remember, LORD, no more ;
 And whilst my Guilt I hear confess,
 Purge out my heinous Score.

V.

And ere my Soul is call'd away,
 Or hence shall be remov'd,
 O fit me for that glorious Rest,
 Thou hast prepar'd above.

H Y M N VIII.

I.

CHRIST, the LORD, is risen to Day,
 Sons of Men, and Angels say,
 Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
 Sing ye Heavens, and Earth reply.

II.

Love's redeeming Work is done,
 Fought the Fight, the Battle won ;
 Lo ! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
 Lo ! he sets in Blood no more.

III.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
 CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell ;
 Death

Death in vain forbids his rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death! is now thy Sting?
Dying once, he us doth save;
Where's thy Victory, O Grave!

V.

What, tho' once we perish'd all,
Part'ners in our Parents fall;
Second Life in him receive,
In our Heavenly Adam live.

VI.

And when CHRIST our Life appears,
Glorious in his Members here;
Join'd to him, we then shall shine;
All immortal, all divine.

VII

KING of Glory, LORD of Bliss,
Everlasting Life is this;
Thee to know, thy Power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N IX.

I.

HAIL the Day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd now our wishful Eyes;
CHRIST awhile to Mortal's given,
Re-ascends his native Heaven.

There

II.

There the pompous Triumph waits,
Lift your Heads, eternal Gates,
Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
Take the King of Glory in.

III.

Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls us Worms his own ;
Him, tho' highest Heaven receives,
Still he loves the Earth he leaves.

IV.

Still for us his Death he pleads,
Prevalent he intercedes ;
Near himself prepares our place,
As his Members fav'd by Grace.

V.

There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless Reign,
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in thee.

H Y M N (X.

I.

COME thou Fount of every Blessing,
Tune my Heart to sing thy Grace ;
Streams of Mercy, never ceasing,
Call for Songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above ;
Praise the Mount, fix me upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging Love.

B

Here

II.

Here I raise my Eben-ezer,
 Hither by thy Grace I'm come;
 So I hope by thy good Pleasure,
 Shortly to arrive at Home.
 JESUS fought me when a Stranger,
 Wand'ring from the Fold of GOD;
 He to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

III.

O! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be;
 Let that Grace, now, like a Fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
 Prone to leave that GOD I love;
 Take my Heart, O take and seal it,
 Seal and keep it, LORD, above.

IV.

O that Day, when freed from sinning,
 I shall see thy lovely Face;
 Cloathed then in Blood, wash'd Linen,
 How I'll sing thy Sov'reign Grace:
 When thou please no longer tarry,
 Take my ransom'd Soul away,
 Send thine Angels, LORD, to carry
 Me to Realms of endless Day.

H Y M N XI.

I.

G LORIOUS SAVIOUR of my Soul,
 I list it up to thee, Thou

Thou hast made the Sinner whole,
 And set the Captive free;
 Thou my Debt of Death has paid,
 Thou hast rais'd me from my fall,
 Thou hast an Atonement made,
 Sufficient, LORD, for all.

II.

What could our REDEEMER move,
 To leave his Father's Breast;
 Pity drew him from above,
 And would not let him rest.
 Swift to succour sinking Man,
 Sinking into endless Woe,
 JESUS to our Rescue ran,
 And God appear'd below.

III.

God in this dark Vale of tears,
 A Man of Grief was seen;
 Here for three and thirty years,
 He dwelt with sinful Men.
 Did they know the Deity?
 Did they own him who he was?
 See the Friend of Sinners, see
 Him nail'd on yonder Cross.

IV.

Who hath done the direful Deed?
 Hath crucify'd my GOD;
 Lifts he up his guilty head
 That spilt his precious Blood?
 Worthy is the Wretch to die,
 Self-condemn'd, alas! is he;

I have fold my SAVIOUR, I
Have nail'd him to Tree.

V.

Yet thy Wrath, how can I fear,
Thou gentle bleeding LAMB,
By thy Judgements I am clear,
Heal'd by thy Stripes I am.
Thou for me a Curse wast made,
That I might in thee be blest ;
Thou hast my full Ransome paid,
And in thy Wounds I'll rest.

H Y M N XII.

I.

A Sinner to thee, LORD, I come,
Worthy that thou should'st me con-
But O ! one thing I plead : (sume,
The every Mite to thee I ow'd,
CHRIST JESUS with his own Heart's Blood,
In Pity for me paid.

II.

I know if thou should'st bring me near,
To answer at thy awful Bar,
And mine own self defend ;
If JESUS did his Grace withdraw,
I know, O LORD, thy fiery Law,
My Soul to Hell would send.

III.

But should'st thou me to Judgement call,
And Moses fac'd me there, and all
My many Sins appear'd ;

I would not fear but boldly stand,
If JESUS open'd his pierc'd hand,
I know I should be spar'd.

IV.

My full Receipt should there be shew'd,
Written with Iron Pens in Blood,
On JESUS' Hands and Side ;
I'm safe ! I'd shout, O Law, and Sin,
You cannot bring me guilty in,
For CHRIST was crucify'd.

V.

LORD, let me this Persuasion have,
Till on the other Side the Grave,
Am blest for evermore ;
The Law and Sin, and Death and Same,
Or what beside could me condemn,
I still shall triumph o'er.

VI.

I'll sing aloud, and ever say,
Worthy the LAMB who took away
My Sin, and Curse beside ;
Worthy is he of ceaseless Praise,
By him came Pardon, Life, and Grace,
For he for Sinners dy'd.

H Y M N XIII.

I.

O Thou eternal Victim slain
A Sacrifice for guilty Man,
By the eternal Spirit made,
An Offering in the Sinners stead ;

Our

Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy Death for Sinners now.

II.

O that our Faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy Love;
Sure Evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the Years between,
And view thee bleeding on the Tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me.

H Y M N XV.

I.

JESUS, I stretch my Hands to thee,
No other Help I know;
If thou refusest helping me,
Ah! whether shall I go.

II.

Remember what thou didst endure
Before I drew my Breath;
What smart! what sorrow! to secure
My Soul from endless Death.

III.

Author of Faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing Eyes:
O let me now receive the Gift;
My Soul without it dies.

IV.

Surely thou can'st not let me die,
O speak and I shall live,
Unwearied at thy feet I'll lie,
Till thou the Blessing give.

Didst not thou die for Sinners, LORD,
 Upon the Cross's Tree?
 I am a Sinner, let thy Blood
 For Mercy plead for me.

H Y M N XVI.

I.

JESUS, blest Name, how it sweet sounds,
 JESUS, the Sinner's Friend,
 JESUS the Saviour of the World,
 A Saviour without End.

II.

Who can express his wond'rous Love?
 Or who can it conceive?
 The mighty God became a Man,
 Who, who would this believe?

III.

But yet 'tis true; he stooped low,
 And vail'd his Majesty;
 He really took our Flesh and Blood,
 With all our Misery.

IV.

In a mean Stable he was born,
 And in the Manger laid,
 He labour'd hard with his own Hands
 To earn his daily Bread.

V.

Rejected and despis'd of Men,
 Opprest with deepest Grief,
 He sojourn'd here, and dy'd at length,
 To purchase our Relief.

In his own Body on the Cross,
Our Sins he himself bore;
He gave his Life a Ransom-Price
To wipe away our Score.

VII.

O wond'rous Love, behold thy God
Hang bleeding on the Tree!
Amazing Sight, and why was this?
It was for me and thee.

VIII.

May this sink deep in all our Hearts,
And ever there abide,
That GOD our LORD became a Man,
And for us Sinners dy'd.

IX.

Ten thousand thousand thanks,
O LORD we give to thee;
We'll bleis and praise and glorify
Thy Name Eternally.

H Y M N XVII.

I.

O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store;
The time for such Trifles with menow is o'er.

II.

A Country I've found,
Where true Joys abound; (ground.
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy

III.

The Souls that believe,
In Paradise live:
And me in that Number will Jesus receive.

IV.

My Soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away ! (Day.
Thee, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad

V.

No Mortal doth know
What he can bestow, (him, go !
What Light, Strength and Comfort : go after

VI.

Lo ! onward I move,
And but CHRIST above (will prove
None guesses how wond'rous my Journey

VII.

Great Spoils I shall win
From Death, Hell and Sin; (within.
'Midst outward Afflictions shall feel CHRIST

VIII.

Perhaps for his Name,
Poor Dust as I am, (Aim.
Some Works I shall finish with glad loving

IX.

I still (which is best)
Shall in his dear Breast
As at the Beginning find Pardon and Rest.

X.

And when I'm to die,
Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

XI.

But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,

He'll

He'll not live in Glory and leave me behind.

XII.

Lo this is the Race,
I'm running thro' Grace, (Face,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my LORD's

XIII.

And now I'm in Care,
My neighbours may share (dare!
These Blessings; to seek them will none of you

XIV.

In Bondage, O why,
And Death will you lie, (nigh.
When One here assures you Free Grace is so

H Y M N XVIII.

I.

LOOK up, my Soul, and see thy GOD
Nail'd bleeding on the Tree;
Proclaim his Grace, and praise his Love,
Which brought him there for thee.

II.

Behold his pierc'd Hands and Feet,
His Body stain'd with Blood;
The Thorns, which crown'd his sacred head,
Increas'd the Crimfon Flood.

III.

Those Wounds and Bruises, Blows and Stripes
He suffer'd in their stead,
With all those Scoffs and taunting Jears,
Were giv'n him whilst he bled.

What

IV.

What Pain and Sorrow, Cries and Tears,
What bitter Agony
Did he endure, to set me free
From endless Misery !

V

Here by thy Cross, LAMB, will I stay,
Since this was done for me ;
I'll look, and look, and look again,
Till my whole Heart love thee.
To Father, &c.

H Y M N XIX.

I.

THE Deeds of the LAMB,
His Cross, Blood and Name,
We all are determin'd alone to proclaim.

II.

When others relate
The Deeds of the Great ; (Feet.
We'll mention his conquest, and kiss his dear

III

He saw in the Fall
The Ruin of all,
The Offences erecting a Partition Wall.

IV.

He saw the drawn sword,
Flame forth from the Lord.
To slay all the People he made by his Word

V.

Then ran he between,
The Wrath and the Sin ;

And

And thus to the FATHER did JESUS begin.

VI.

My FATHER rever'd,

Thy People have err'd !

But oh ! let thy Creatures in Mercy be spar'd.

VII.

E'er them thou consume,

Lo ! I thy Son come

To die and be punish'd in poor Sinner's room

VIII.

He said ; and his Sire

Lay'd by his dread Ire,

(a Fire

Refrain'd to take Vengeance which burnt like

IX.

Then cry'd the LAMB,

The World's Sin and Shame (blame

Chastise in my Person, and there lay the

X.

The Father comply'd ;

Our Lust and our Pride

He charg'd on his Son, who to cancel it dy'd

XI.

This Belzebub found,

Who all Men had bound ; (wound.

Whose Head the Redeemer by dying did

XII.

This makes him distress

And tempt and oppress

(this.

The Souls of the Faithful, who firm believe

XIII.

But let him tempt on,

He shall not get one

(SON.

Of those who do trust in the Blood of God's

H Y M N XX.

I.

WH A T is this World to me,
This World is not my Home;
A World of Grief, of Pain and Woe:
When will my SAVIOUR come?

II.

Come, O my SAVIOUR dear,
And cheer my doubting Soul,
Appear, my gracious LORD, appear,
And make the Sinner whole.

III.

Give me, O LORD ! to feel
Thy pardoning Love, so sweet,
That I may ever lay my Soul,
At my dear SAVIOUR's Feet.
Give me thy lowly Mind,
Thy Love to me impart;
And grant that I may ever find
The SAVIOUR in my Heart.

H Y M N XXI.

I.

COME, SAVIOUR JESUS, quickly come
And fill this Soul of mine
With Spirit, Pow'r, and Blood Divine,
Come, SAVIOUR, thro' me shine.

II.

I feel my Wants, I feel my Woe,
I feel how weak I am:

C

I need thy Help, O help me soon,
Thou dearest mildest LAMB.

III.

Pull down my Pride, this haughty Self,
That would usurp thy Throne;
O make me quite a little Child,
Guided by thee alone.

IV.

May I be like a Piece of Clay,
Turn'd in the Potter's Hands,
Fashion'd and form'd just as thou wilt,
Fitted for thy Commands.

V.

Permit me only, martyr'd LORD,
To sit beneath thy Feet,
To view thy five dear holy Wounds,
So lovely and so sweet.

VI.

There is my Life, Light, Joy and Peace,
My resting hiding Place, (Strength,
My Meat and Drink, my Health and
And all my Happiness.

H Y M N XXII.

I.

O H! the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place
Where JESUS sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace.

II.

Sweet Majesty and awful Love,

Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above,
At humble Distance bow.

III.

Princes to his imperial Name,
Bend their bright Sceptres down :
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the Crown.

IV.

Archagels found the lofty Praise
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And lay their highest Honours down
Submissive at his Feet.

V

Those soft, those blessed Feet of his,
Which once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Light they stand,
And all the Saints adore.

VI.

His Head, the dear Majestick Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around.

VII.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen, adore :
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts shall love him more.

VIII.

LORD, how our Souls are all on Fire,
To see thy blest abode ;

Our Tongues rejoyce in Tunes of Praise
To our incarnate God.

IX.

And whilst our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay ;
And wish thy fiery Chariots, LORD,
To fetch our Souls away.

H Y M N XXIII.

I.

HOW many Souls mistake the Truth,
And think that they have Faith,
Tho' they continue dead in Sin,
Under God's Curse and Wrath.

II.

True Faith from Fancy differs much,
'Tis not a bare Assent :
Faith in the Head, and Faith i'th' Heart
Are very different.

III.

Faith in the Head is cold and dead,
A dull unactive thing :
Faith in the Heart's a living Grace,
From whence true good Works spring.

IV.

True Faith is wrought within the Heart
By God's almighty Power :
No other Faith will stand the Test,
In fierce Temptation's Hour.

V.

This Faith unites the Soul to CHRIST,
And

And draws the Mind above :
It purifies the sinful Heart,
And sweetly works by Love.

VI.

This living Grace o'ercometh all,
The World, and ev'ry Lust,
Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, Pomp and Pride,
It tramples in the Dust.

VII.

This Faith pulls down the Pride of Man,
And lays Self in the Dust;
Man it abases, God exhorts,
And gives no room to boast.

VIII.

By Faith we eat the flesh of CHRIST,
And drink his holy Blood ;
We dwell in him, and he in us,
And we are One in God.

H Y M N XXIV.

Resting under the Cross.

I.

CHILDREN of Israel see what Shade,
The Cross does us afford ;
It was for weary Travellers made,
We thank thee for it LORD.

II.

A while sit down and we'll prepare
To sing his worthy Fame ;

Who to redeem us sojourn'd here,
CHRIST JESUS is his Name.

III.

Gethsemane is Witness still,
How often there he cry'd :
So is the Cross, and Calv'ry's Hill,
Where our great Master dy'd.

IV.

We sing thy Suff'rings, Wounds and Blood,
The Virtue of thy Pain ;
We sing thy Griefs, thou dying God !
Thou LAMB for Sinners slain.

V.

We sing the Merit of thy Tears,
The Merit of thy Groans,
Thy bloody Sweat, th' availing Pray'rs,
For these have made us Sons.

VI.

We sing for Joy that Heaviness,
Did once oppress thy Soul ;
For thro' thy Grief we find our Ease,
Thy Stripes have made us whole.

VII.

We hail thee, thou by Jews revil'd,
To thee we bow the knee ;
Hail, very God ! the promis'd Child,
The Prophets sang of thee.

VIII.

We are thy loving Witnesses,
Who testify that thou

Art Sinners Righteousness and Peace,
For we have prov'd thee so.

IX.

While others sing the unknown God,
We each will sing of thee;
JESUS has wash'd me in his Blood,
And lov'd, and dy'd for me.

H Y M N XXV.

I.

O Had I not a Saviour dear,
To whom at all Times I might go,
Did not his bloody Hands appear,
I should be in Distress and Woe;
Did not I see on his dear Feet,
The Prints of Nails where Pardons meet.

II.

But since he is a Lamb most kind,
Who still delights my Soul to bless,
Who beareth me his Child in Mind,
And covers all my Sinfulness;
I in his Wounds will still abide,
Safe shelter'd in his pierced Side.

III.

He ev'ry Trouble bore for me,
The Spear that rent his tender Heart,
He glad receiv'd to set me free,
To shew he would not from me part;
That in each Trouble I might find,
A Rest for my distressed Mind.

Temptations he endur'd, that so,
 He might me succour and relieve;
 That if oppress'd with Sin and Woe,
 I need but my dear LAMB believe;
 Commit myself to him alone,
 The only Strenght of ev'ry one.

H Y M N XXVI.

I.

DOES JESUS still the same remain,
 As in his Agony and Pain?
 His Love so flaming and so strong,
 As when on Calvary he hung?

II.

And does he think upon Death,
 His bowing Head, his yielding Breath?
 And does his Mind the same remain,
 As tho' he was but lately Slain?

III.

Yes, yes, my Soul! he's still the same,
 A SAVIOUR was, and is his Name;
 He cannot change, but will endure
 Thy SAVIOUR now and evermore.

IV.

Then fear not, Soul, for thou art found,
 Engraven deep in every Wound;
 Thy Name is log'd within his Heart,
 Thou art the Purchase of his smart.

H Y M N XXVII.

I.

IN all my Troubles, sharp and strong,
My Soul to JESUS flies;
My Anchor Hold is firm in him,
When swelling Billows rise.

II.

His Comfort bare my Spirit up,
I trust a faithful GOD:
The sure Foundation of my Hope,
Is in a SAVIOUR'S Blood.

III

Loud Hallelujah sing my Soul,
To thy Redeemer's Name;
In Joy and Sorrow, Life and Death,
His Love is still the same.

H Y M N XXVIII

I.

WHAT Trumpet's this that sounds
Such glorious Liberty;
To Sinners thro' the Blood of CHRIST,
And why not then for me?

II.

JESUS dy'd to redeem
Poor Sinners, and set free
The worst of Traytors by his Blood,
And therefore why not me?

III.

CHRIST dy'd to bring to GOD,

Such

Such that at Distance be;
The Just for the Unjust did die,
And why not then for me?

IV.

The Gospel preaches CHRIST,
To such that Sinners be;
Yea, free Redemption by his Blood,
Why therefore not to me?

V.

GOD did commend his Love,
To such that Sinners be;
Yea, CHRIST for the Ungodly dy'd,
And why not die for me?

VI.

CHRIST died for none but such,
'Gainst God that Rebels be;
And Peace by Blood for Sinners made,
And why not Peace for me?

VII

There's Righteousness in CHRIST,
Most infinitely free;
For needy Sinners it was wrought,
And why not then for me?

H Y M N XXIX.

I.

O LAMB, O LAMB, thou Sinners Friend,
Who freely shed thy Blood;
Whose boundless Mercy knows no End,
Thou condescending GOD.

Behold

Behold, dear LAMB, we now are met
To sing thy Death and Pain;
Thy Wounds, thy Stripes, thy bloody Sweat,
O LAMB for Sinners slain.

II.

We view thy bloody Hands and Feet,
Thy Side bor'd with a Spear;
Blood sounds to us exceeding sweet,
Because we Sinners are;
We know hadst thou not bled and died,
We ne'er could happy be;
And hadst thou not been crucified,
We ne'er should be with thee.

III.

While here, dear SAVIOUR, we abide,
Thy Death shall be our Song,
We sing the Lamb was crucify'd,
And we to him belong.
We are the Purchase of his Blood,
The Travail of his Soul;
We know he is our LORD and GOD,
Whose Blood hath made us whole.

IV.

Hail, hail, all hail, thou bleeding God,
We gladly worship thee;
Tho' Naked cover'd e'er with Blood,
And hang'd upon the Tree:
O, Everlasting FATHER, thou,
Who bore our ev'ry Sin;
By all the Anguish thou went thro'
We now are perfect Clean.

HYMN

H Y M N XXX.

Providence.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
 My rising Soul surveys,
 Why is my barren Heart not lost,
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise?

II.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
 And all my Wants redrest,
 Whilst in the silent Womb I lay,
 Or hung upon the Breast.

III.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
 Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
 Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in Pray'r.

IV.

Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul,
 Thy tender Care bestow'd,
 Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
 From whence those Comforts flow'd.

V.

When thro' the slipp'ry Paths of Youth,
 With heedless Steps I ran,
 Thy Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to Man.

VI.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
 It gently clear'd my Way;

And

And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VII

Thro' all Eternity to thee
A grateful Song I'll raise :
But oh ! Eternity's run short
To utter all thy Praise.

H Y M N XXXI.

Breathing after CHRIST

I.

FAR from my Thoughts, vain World be
Let my religious Hours alone; (gone,
Fain would my Eye my SAVIOUR see,
I wait a Visit, LORD, from thee.

II.

LORD, warm our Hearts with holy Fire,
And kindle with a pure Desire :
Come, sweet REDEEMER from above,
And feast my Soul with heav'nly Love.

III.

Haste then, but with a smiling Face,
And spread the Table of thy Grace :
Bring down a taste of Truth divine,
And cheer my Heart with sacred Wine.

IV.

Blest JESU what delicious Fare!
How rich thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taste above
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

V.

Hail, great IMMANUEL, all divine,
 In thee thy Father's Glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

H Y M N XXXII.

To JESUS CHRIST.

I.

WHO can have greater Cause to sing,
 Who greater Cause to bless,
 Than we the Children of the King ?
 Than we who CHRIST possess ?
 Than we who CHRIST possess ?
 Than we who CHRIST possess ?

II.

With Angel Hosts, dear LAMB, we join,
 To praise thy Love and Pow'r :
 To magnify thy Grace divine,
 Thou mighty Counsellor.
 Thou mighty Counsellor.
 Thou mighty Counsellor.

III.

We late were Satan's Captives led,
 And Hell had been our End,
 Hadst thou not for our Pardon bled,
 Thou Sinners only Friend.
 Thou Sinners only Friend.
 Thou Sinners only Friend.

For

IV.

For this we ne'er will hold our Tongue,
Nor shall our Praises cease :
We evermore will sing that Song,
The Lord our Righteousness.
The Lord our Righteousness.
The Lord our Righteousness.

V.

No other GOD we know but thee,
None else did us create :
Thy Glory shall we ever be,
O holy Advocate.
O holy Advocate.
O holy Advocate.

VI.

'Twas thou, 'twas thou did only take
The Mediator's Place,
When we the Father's Statutes brake,
All hail thou Prince of Peace.
All hail thou Prince of Peace.
All hail thou Prince of Peace.

VII.

We daily prove thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see :
Thou bearest still a Saviour's Name,
Our Saviour thou shalt be.
Our Saviour thou shalt be.
Our Saviour thou shalt be.

VIII.

No Law, nor Sin, nor Hell, nor Death,
Shall us from thee divide :

Strongly we hold that precious Faith,
 For us our SAVIOUR dy'd.
 For us our SAVIOUR dy'd.
 For us our SAVIOUR dy'd.

H Y M N XXXIII.

I.

O Blessed SON of GOD,
 Who hung upon the Tree,
 And there did shed thy precious Blood,
 To ransom such as me.

II.

For I by Nature am,
 Defil'd by Hell and Sin,
 The Chief of Sinners is my Name,
 The Devil's Slave I've been.

III.

JESUS, my dearest LAMB,
 Did die upon the Tree,
 And there he bore my Guilt and Blame,
 And now I am set free.

IV.

His precious Blood, I own,
 Has wash'd away my sin,
 And that's my Holiness alone,
 'Tis that has made me clean.

V.

O may I always sing,
 How by thy precious Blood,
 I am redeem'd and made a King,
 And Priest unto my GOD.

VI.

JESUS let Thousands more,
 Fly to thy Wounds and Blood,
 And let us live for evermore,
 With thee, O LAMB, our GOD.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Look to him and be saved.

I:

SURE none can conceive,
 How happy I live,
 To what solid Comforts and Peace I arrive.

II.

If I am oppress'd,
 By Crosses distress'd,
 I look up to JESUS, who gives me his Rest.

III.

If wanting I seem,
 I look upon him : (Stream.
 And cease my Wants, gazing upon his Blood

IV.

If Doubt, Fear, or Sin,
 Disturb me within :
 I look up, and straightway I Victory win.

V.

How can I but love ?
 Or cease to approve
 So good a Redeemer ? or from him remove ?

VI.

My Refuge is he,

So ever he'll be ;
I find him so daily, when to him I flee.

VII.

When hungry my Meat,
My Water most sweet ;
My Raiment, my Beauty, my safest Retreat

VIII.

My Brethren I view,
In Bondage below ;
Obe my Companions, and close with him too

IX.

Let all Men deny
This Liberty, I
Am made a blest Witness, and so testify.

X.

This Freedom is giv'n
To all who are driv'n
By trouble to JESUS, this Foretaste of Heav'n

H Y M N XXXV.

*O thou that hearest Pray'r, unto thee shall
all Men come.*

I.

HOW sad's my State, I know not how
To please the LAMB, or do his Will;
Myself, and GOD, I want to know,
Yet ignorant of both am still.

II.

I mourn, because I cannot mourn,
I grieve, because I cannot grieve;

I hate my Sin, yet cannot turn,
I hear the Truth, but can't believe.

III.

Helpless am I, and self-condemn'd,
Incurable I see my Wound;
I'd come to thee, but am ashamed,
O where shall help for me be found?

IV.

Where shall so great a Sinner run?
Dangers on every side I see,
I am undone, undone, undone,
Unless our SAVIOUR comes to me.

V.

Let Pity move thee to appear,
Sinner-receiving SON of GOD;
I my Behalf be kindly near,
And quench my crying Sins with Blood.

VI.

Reach out thy gentle Hand, to give
Salvation to a Wretch distress'd;
Give, O dear SAVIOUR, to believe,
A weary Soul who wants to rest.

VII

I know thy open Wounds afford,
Eternal Refuge unto some;
There would I fly, my dearest LORD,
O speak, and tell me there is Room.

VIII.

Thus if thou dost, I ask no more,
Glad would I for thy Chariot wait;
And when I stand on Sion's Shore,
I'll worship ever at thy Feet.

HYMN

H Y M N XXXVI.

*He commandeth the Light to shine out of
Darkness.*

I.

THRIICE welcome to my Sin-sick heart
Art thou my tender GOD ;
What Pain have I endur'd, what Smart,
Whilst thou at Distance stood.

II.

Dear to me hast thou often been,
In Months now pass'd away ;
In thy Embraces, sav'd from Sin,
I spent the Night and Day.

III.

Thy Children then with Love I view'd,
And thought me more than blest ;
When all our Subject was thy Blood,
And thy eternal Rest.

IV.

All Day I very happy was,
For thou wast all Day nigh ;
I lov'd to bear thy hallow'd Cross,
And keep thee Company.

V.

But O what Clouds have cover'd me,
Since these Delights I knew !
What Griefs since then, what Misery
Have I, my God, gone thro' !

VI.

Oft have I wish'd, like Job, and said,

O that 'twas now with me,
As when thy Candle on my Head,
Lighted my Way to thee.

VII.

Ready to faint I stood awhile,
Strange Thoughts my Mind o'erflow'd,
I fear'd lest thou no more wouldst smile,
To smooth my rugged Road.

VIII.

It may be, said my mournful Heart,
My pleasant Days are past;
With every Joy I now must part,
While Life and Time shall last.

IX.

But now the Wilds begin to bloom,
The Storms are over now:
And, O! my wish'd for Days are come,
Such as I lately knew.

X.

Welcome dear Sun of Rigueousness,
Welcome thou Prince of Power;
Make now my Breast thy Dwelling Place,
And go away no more.

H Y M N XXXVII

Without me ye can do nothing.

I.

'TIS strange, and yet 'tis true I stray,
And stumble in the straitest Way;
I need our SAVIOUR me to keep,
And lead me daily Step by Step.

II.

I am glad I know my Need, for I
Am happy in his Company;
When he is with me I go well,
But if he hides I wander still.

III.

Other poor Sinners not, restor'd
To be familiar with my LORD,
Are far from happy, well they may,
When always out of Mercy's Way.

IV.

And those who have enjoy'd the light,
Who knew the LAMB, and walked right;
Even these, if he be absent, err,
And faint, and fall, and sin, and fear.

V.

This by Experience I am taught,
That when I see myself in Fault,
I look to JESUS, and he sees,
And saves me from my Miseries.

VI.

I feel how I to Sin am prone,
And so I quiet sit me down
At JESUS' Feet, and there I learn
When to go forward, when to turn.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

I.

NOW I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor may remain,
The Wounds of JESUS, for my Sin
Before

Before the World's Foundation slain;
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,
When Heaven and Earth are fled away..

II.

FATHER, thy everlasting Grace
Our scanty thoughts surpasses far;
Thou melt'st with Parents Tenderness,
Thy Arms of Love still open are,
Poor down-cast Sinners to receive,
That Mercy they may taste and live.

III.

O Love thou bottomless Abyfs!
My Sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
From Condemnation now I'm free.
While Jesus' Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy cries.

IV

With Faith I plunge me in this Sea;
Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
Hither when Hell assails, I flee,
I look into my SAVIOUR's Breast.
Away sad Doubt, and anxious Fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

V.

Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Tho' Strength and Health, and Friends be
Tho' Joys be wither'd all, and dead, (gone,
Tho' ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
Father, thy Mercy never dies.

Fix'd

VI.

Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,
 Tho' my Heart fail, and Flesh decay;
 This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
 When Earth's Foundations melt away;
 Mercy's full Pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

H Y M N XXXIX.

I.

THANKS to thy Mercy, dearest LAMB,
 That I, tho' late, have known thy Name;
 That Things from wiser Minds conceal'd,
 To me, a Babe, have been reveal'd.

II.

What am I Worm, or what my Ways,
 (To thee a Rebel all my Days)
 That thou to such a Soul hold'st forth
 A Treasure of unfathom'd Worth?

III.

And can it be, these sinful Eyes
 Have spy'd where that great Treasure lies,
 Have been directed to the Ground,
 Where present Blessedness is found?

IV.

Well, gracious LAMB, thy Will be done;
 Sinners thou sav'st, and I am one:
 From this vain World henceforth I part,
 And to thy Service give my Heart.

H Y M N XE.

I.

THOU SAVIOUR my good Shepherd art,
 Thy Voice, dear LORD, I know ;
 For thou hast laid down thy own Life,
 To save me from deep Woe.

II.

When I was lost and far had stray'd
 Into a Defart wild,
 Thou didst me seek and bring back safe,
 With tender Mercy mild.

III.

When I was broken and Heart-sick,
 Thou pitiedst my Pain,
 Thou boundest up, and strengthnedst me,
 And gav'st me Health again.

IV.

Thou didst me lead and gently tend,
 And feed in Pasture good :
 And brough'st me to thy living Stream
 Of thy most precious Blood.

V.

Thy Blood ! O charming Sound to me,
 Thy poor and helpless Sheep ;
 Thy Blood's my sure Defence by Day,
 My Shelter when I sleep.

H Y M N XLK

*CHRIST appearing to his Church and seeking
her Company, Sol. Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.*

I.

THE Voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the Rocks and rising Grounds ;
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.

II.

Now thro' the Veil of Flesh I see
With Eyes of Love he looks at me ;
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

III.

Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue ;
Rise, faith my LORD, make haste away,
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

IV.

The Jewish wintry State is gone,
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on;
The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
Broclaims the new, the joyful Year.

V.

The immortal Vine of heav'nly Root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit.
Lo, we are come to taste the Wine ;
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

VI.

And when we hear our JESUS say,

Rise

Rise up my Love, make haste away!
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

H Y M N XLII.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

I.

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand;
Ten thousand Snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

II.

That was a most amazing Power
That rais'd us with a Word;
And every Day, and every Hour
We lean upon the LORD.

III.

The Evening rests our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room,
We wake, and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

IV.

The rising Morning can assure
That we shall end the Day,
For Death stands ready at the Door
To seize our Lives away.

V.

Our Breath is forfeited by Sin,
To God's revenging Law;
We own thy Grace immortal King,
In every Gasp we draw.

VI.

God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night,
Beneath his shady Wings.

H Y M N XLIII.

Backslidings and Returns: Or, The Incon-
stancy of our Love.

I.

WHY is my Heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
With thee no more by Night?

II.

[Why should my foolish Passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee?]

III.

When my forgetful Soul renews
The SAVIOUR of thy Grace,
My Heart presumes I cannot lose
The Relish all my Days.

IV

But ere one fleeting Hour is past,
The flatt'ring World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.

Trifles

V.

Trifles of Nature or of Art,
With fair deceitful Charms,
Intrude upon my thoughtless Heart,
And trust thee from my Arms.

VI.

Then I repent and vex my Soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild Affections roll
That let a SAVIOUR go?

VII.

Sin's promis'd Joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in Grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my Relief;

VIII.

Seizing my Soul with sweet Surprise,
He draws with loving Bands;
Divine Compassion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.

IX.

Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chase of false Delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy Cross,
Rather than lose thy Sight.

X.

Make haste, my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to rest
On the dear Centre of my Soul,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR's Breast.

H Y M N XLIV.

The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.

I.

WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

II.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

III.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.

IV.

There shall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Rest,
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

H Y M N XLV.

*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of
CHRIST. Gal. vi. 14.*

I.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My

My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

II.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of CHRIST my GOD:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

III.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thoughts compose so rich a Crown.

IV.

His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

V.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

H Y M N XLVI.

I.

JESUS knit all our Hearts to thee,
And join us all in one,
And in our Meetings every where,
Be thou our Aim alone.

II.

Be thou sole Monarch of our Hearts,

May

May we as Sinners lie
Low at the Feet of thee my Lamb,
To all Eternity.

H Y M N XLVII.

The solemn Assembly.

I.

BEHOLD! we meet to worship God:
Let all vain Thoughts depart;
May we love JESUS CHRIST alone,
And find him in our Heart.

II.

Then ye, who wait to find the Lamb,
In Reverence draw near;
And listen to his soft still Voice,
The LORD our GOD is here.

III.

Speak, JESUS, to the mourning Soul,
And bid its Terrors cease;
Say to the Sinner, self-condemn'd,
My Blood hath bought thy Peace.

IV.

Look on the Fearful, see their Doubts,
And let their Tears be dry;
Support the Faint, and let them hear,
Be not afraid, 'tis I.

V.

Come down as in the antient Days,
As on our Fathers]come;

Shine

Shine into all our Spirits, shine,
Make them thy glorious Home.

VI.

Let ev'ry Soul be fil'd with Pow'r,
To join in fervent Pray'r;
Till thou, constrain'd, shall answer loud,
"My Children, I am here."

H Y M N XLVIII.

Before going to Church.

I.

THE Saviour meets his Flock to Day,
Shall I in Sloth abide at Home,
Shall I behind the People stay,
When JESUS calls there is still Room;
I'll go, it is a Place of Pray'r,
Who knows but God may meet me there.

II.

To Day Emanuel feeds his Saints,
And there the Christians feed their King,
There they lay open their Complaints,
And there the Holy Armies sing;
Into their Number I'll presume,
Since JESUS kindly bid me come.

III.

How long hid faithful Anna wait
And seek the LORD for fourscore Years,
Both Day and Night the Temple's Gate
She watch'd, with many Fasts and Tears,

Nor

Nor seldom left the House of Pray'r;
Till GOD vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

IV.

Then O, my LORD, permit me Pow'r,
And like the Saints I'll watch for thee,
Content to wait th' appointed Hour,
When thou shalt be reveal'd in me,
Daily my Soul within thy Gate,
Shall for thy Gracious Coming wait.

V.

Remove Temptations, O my LORD,
And let mine Enemies be slain,
Which wou'd withdraw me from thy Word,
And plunge me in the World again;
And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
O may my Soul be found in Pray'r.

H Y M N XLIX.

*An Hymn for the Feast of Charity, in a
Dialogue.*

I.

ATTEND, ye Daughters of the King,
We bid you to our Feast:
And lo! we come, and JESUS bring
In our devoted Breast.

II.

A Feast of Charity we keep,
A Sign of that above:
There soon shall all our SAVIOUR'S Sheep
Banquet in JESUS' Love.

Till

III.

Till we the happy Country see,
Where ceases Sin and Fear,
Beneath the Cross, that shady Tree,
We'll rest contented here.

IV.

Our Bread, and Water, plainest Food,
We'll thankfully partake :
And bless our LORD, who makes it good :
To us for JESUS' Sake.

V.

Eternal Streams of Water soon
Shall quench our Sister's Thirst :
To living Bread shall you sit down,
And feast among the Just.

VI.

Hail, happy Souls ! ye call'd shall see
The Supper of the LAMB :
And you among our Company,
Shall shout our SAVIOUR's Name.

VII.

We know we shall, and thank the Hand
That seal'd us this to share :
Come, Brethren, then, and to the LORD
With us in Hymns repair.

H Y M N.

Assembling ourselves together.

I.

LET GOD be here ; let JESUS' Love,
In every Bosom plenteous move ;
Our

Our Word's to please thee, LORD, prepare,
And kindly stoop to meet us here.

II.

Open our Hearts and Purge from Sin,
While thou thyself shalt enter in ;
While thou shalt chase our Fears away,
And teach us what to do, or say.

III.

O ! ne'er forsake us, LORD, till we,
On Sion's Mount shall meet with thee ;
Be present while we stay below,
And let us only Jesus know.

IV.

When Heaven and Earth shall pass away,
And Fire reveal the Judgement-Day ;
Let each in long white Garments stand,
And meet in our own Father's Land.

Praise to God, &c.

H Y M N LI.

For a true Penitent.

I.

THY Presence, SAVIOUR, may I feel ;
O stamp me with thy Spirit's Seal !
LORD, seal my Pardon with thy Blood,
And let me know I'm born of God.

II.

One precious Drop, Lord Jesus, grant ;
One precious Drop is all I want ;

One

One precious Drop of thy dear Blood,
Will make me cry, my LORD! my GOD!

III.

Sprinkle it on my Conscience, LORD,
O let me feel thy powerful Word!
That rais'd the Dead, and chears the Soul,
That makes the helpless Sinner whole.

IV.

Dear SAVIOUR! grant this my Request,
Take, hide me in thy loving Breast,
And grant me in thy Wounds to dwell
Secure from all the Pains of Hell.

V.

And when this mortal Life is o'er,
And Pain and Death shall be no more,
Receive my Soul to thy blest'd Home:
O come, LORD JESUS! quickly come.

VI.

Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him all Creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye Heavenly Host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N LII.

I.

ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed,
And did my Sov'reign die;
Would he devote that sacred Head,
For such a Worm as I?

II.

Thy Body slain, sweet JESU, thine,

E

And

And bath'd in it's own Blood,
While all expos'd to Wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood.

III.

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the Tree,
Amazing Pity, Grace unknown,
And Love beyond Degree.

IV.

Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When GOD, our SAVIOUR JESUS, dy'd
For Man, the Creature's Sin.

V.

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears,
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

VI.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
The Debt of Love I owe:
Here, LORD, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

H Y M N LIII.

I.

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal Frame,
What dying Worms are we!

II.

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase;
 And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the Number less.

III.

The Year rolls round, and steals away,
 The Breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the Grave.

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground,
 To push us to the Tomb;
 And fierce Diseases wait around,
 To hurry Mortals Home.

V.

Good God! on what a slender Thread-
 Hangs everlasting Things,
 The eternal State of all the Dead,
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.

VI.

Infinite Joy, or endless Woe,
 Attends on ev'ry Breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Upon the Brink of Death.

VII.

Waken, O LORD, our drowsy Sense,
 To walk this dangerous Road,
 And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
 May we be found with God.

H Y M N LIV.

For the Evening.

I.

JESUS the all-atoning Lamb,
 Lover of lost Mankind,
 Salvation in whose only Name,
 A sinful World can find.

II.

I ask thy Grace to make me clean,
 I come to thee my God ;
 Open, O LORD, for this Day's Sin,
 The Fountain of thy Blood.

III.

Hither my spotted Soul be brought,
 And ev'ry idle Word,
 And ev'ry Work, and ev'ry Thought,
 That hath not pleas'd my LORD.

IV.

Hither my Actions, right'ous deem'd
 By Man, and counted good,
 As filthy Rags by God esteem'd,
 Till sprinkled with thy Blood.

V.

No, my best Actions cannot save,
 But thou must purge e'en them ;
 And, for in thee, I now believe
 My worst cannot condemn.

VI.

To thee then I vouchsafe me Pow'r,
 For Pardon still to flee ;
 And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour,
 To wash my Soul in thee.

HYMN

H Y M N LV.

Woman behold thy Son!—Son behold thy Mother?

I.

FATHER, attend my SAVIOUR's Groans,
His Woe and Anguish see!
Behold, he bleeds to heal my Wounds,
Behold, he groans for me.

II.

FATHER, behold my SAVIOUR's Pangs,
And hear his bitter Cries!
Tortur'd for me, he yields his Breath,
For me the Victim dies.

III.

FATHER, canst thou behold thy SON,
And see his Grief and Pain;
And yet forbear to pardon him
For whom thy SON was slain!

IV.

For me he left his Native Heav'n,
Thy Bosom, and thy Throne;
Hear then in his beloved Name!
O hear me in thy SON.

V.

See where he prays, and pleads for me!
Why hear'st thou not his Pray'r?
Attend his Cry, and all his Suit,
Thou God of Pity hear!

VI.

JESU, thou All-atoning Lamb,
Vouchsafe one gracious Look:

O turn; and see my Griefs and Tears,
And note them in thy Book !

VII.

LORD, I have sorrowing sought thy Face,
In publick and alone ;

Behold me, fighting, by thy Cross !

SAVIOUR, behold thy Son !

VIII.

Behold, and count me of thy Flock ;

And from thy sacred Fold

Translate me to eternal Courts,

Where I may thee behold.

H Y M N LVI.

It is Finished.

I.

'TIS done ! the Rocks are rent in twain,
The Temple's Vail is torne !

The SAVIOUR dies, his parting Soul,
To distant Realms is borne.

II.

'Tis finish'd ! the Messiah's dead !

He dies to die no more ;

Dies, that the Soul of mortal Men

To Heav'n may sweetly soar.

III.

He dies to shut the Mouth of Hell,

To lead the Way to Heav'n,

Dies that the heavy laden Soul,

May ask and be forgiv'n.

JESU.

IV.

JESU, I ask, O hear my Pray'r!
 My SAVIOUR GOD the SON;
 Forgive my Sin, my Pardon seal,
 And whisper thou, 'tis done.

V.

My drooping Spirit now revive
 With all thy quick'ning Grace;
 Say to me, I have thee redeem'd,
 'Tis finish'd! go in Peace.

VI.

All Pow'r is thine in Heav'n and Earth,
 Speak but the gracious Word;
 And I shall feel Salvation flow,
 And I shall know the LORD.

H Y M N LVII.

Under Conviction.

I.

LORD, are the Righteous scarcely sav'd,
 For whom the LAMB was slain!
 Then justly may my Soul conclude,
 That all I do is vain.

II.

If Angels are with Folly charg'd,
 Where then must I appear!
 If thou esteem'd the Heav'ns impure,
 How then can I be clear?

III.

But JESUS bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
 To set the Sinner free;

He

He left his Throne to save the Lost,
And dy'd to ransom me.

IV.

But can his Pity reach the Soul,
So empty of all Good ?

Spent he for such a Life of Grief,
Spent he for such, his Blood,

V.

Then, lo! I turn me to his Name,

JESUS my Saviour be ;
And all I have, or can receive,
I'll dedicate to thee.

H Y M N LVIII.

Adding to the Church.

I.

Bless'd be the LORD who loves his own,
With everlasting Love ;
Who left for them his Father's Throne,
And all the Joys above.

II.

Who when like Sheep, we all had stray'd,
And under Sin were sold ;
Himself us fought, our Ransom paid,
And led us to his Fold.

III.

Who daily still is bringing Home
The Purchase of his Blood,
The Lambs, who were afflicted roam,
He hallows meet for God.

His

IV.

His Voice the scatter'd Sheep shall hear,
 And with the Flock shall join;
 Their Sin and Burden he shall bear,
 And call them, ye are mine.

V.

To Day with Gladness we receive
 The Seed of Sion born;
 Who in IMMANUEL's Name believe,
 By GOD the Father drawn.

VI.

Come in, our Father's Children, come,
 Thro' JESUS sav'd from Sin;
 Here, and in Heaven, for you is Room,
 Ye wand'ring Souls come in.

H Y M N LIX.

I.

BEHOLD how good a Thing,
 It is to dwell in Peace,
 How pleasant to our King,
 This Fruit of Righteousness,
 When Brethren all in One agree,
 Who knows the Joys of Unity.

II.

When all are sweetly join'd,
 (True followers of the LAMB,
 The same in Heart and Mind,)
 And think and speak the same,
 And all in Love together dwell,
 The Comfort is unspeakable.

Where

III.

Where Unity takes Place,
 The Joys of Heaven we prove;
 This is the Gospel Grace,
 The Unction from above.
 The Spirit on all Believers shed,
 Descending swift from CHRIST our Head.

IV

Where Unity is found,
 The sweet anointing Grace
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the Place;
 To every waiting Soul it comes,
 And fills it with divine Perfumes.

V.

JESUS, our Great High-Priest,
 For us the Gift receiv'd,
 For us, and all the rest,
 Who have in him believ'd;
 Forth from our Head the Blessing goes,
 And all his seamless Coats o'erflows.

VI.

On all his chosen Ones
 The precious Oil comes down:
 It runs, and as it runs,
 It ever will run on.
 Even to his Skirts—the meanest Name
 That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.

VII

The Riches of his Grace,
 In Fellowship is given,

To

To Sion's chosen Race,
The Citizens of Heaven;
He fills them with his choicest Store,
He gives them Life for evermore.

H Y M N LX.

H O M E.

I.

F AINT is my Head, and sick my Heart,
While thou dost ever, ever stay!
Fixt in my Soul I feel thy Dart,
Groaning I feel it Night and Day:
Come, LORD, and shew thyself to me.
Or take, O take me up to thee!

II.

Canst thou with-hold thy healing Grace,
So kindly lavish of thy Blood;
When swiftly trickling down thy Face,
For me the purple Current flow'd!
Come Lord, &c.

III.

When Man was lost, Love look'd about,
To see what Help in Earth or Sky:
In vain, for none appear'd without,
The Help did in thy Bosom lie!
Come, LORD, &c.

IV.

There lay thy Son: But left his Rest
Thralldom and Mis'ry to remove.

From

From those who Glory once possess,
But wantonly abus'd thy Love.
Come, LORD, &c.

V.

He came—O my dear Redeemer dear!
And canst thou after this be strange?
Nor yet within my Heart appear!
Can love like thine, or fail or change?
Come, LORD, &c.

VI.

But if thou tarriest, why must I?
My GOD, what is this World to me!
This World of Woe—hence let them fly,
The Clouds that part my Soul and thee.
Come, LORD, &c.

VII.

Idly we talk of Harvests here,
Eternity our Harvest is:
Grace brings the great Sabbatick Year,
When ripen'd into glorious Bliss.
Come, LORD, &c.

H · Y · M · N · L · X · I.

On the Crucifixion.

I.

BEHOLD the SAVIOUR of Mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful Tree!
How vast the Love that him reclaim'd,
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark

II.

Hark how he groans ! while Nature shakes,
And Earth's strong Pillars bend !
The Temple's Veil in sunder breaks,
The solid Marbles rend.

III.

'Tis done ! the precious Ransom's paid ;
Receive my Soul, he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred Head !
He bows his Head and dies.

IV.

But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain,
And in full Glory shine !
O LAMB of GOD, was ever Pain,
Was ever Love like thine.

H Y M N LXII.

A Morning Hymn.

I.

J E S U S the all-restoring Word,
My fallen Spirit's hope,
After thy lovely Likeness, LORD,
O when shall I wake up !

II.

Thou, O my God, thou only art
The Life, the Truth, the Way :
Quicken my Soul, instruct my Heart,
My sinking Footsteps stay.

III.

Of all thou hast in Earth below,

In Heaven above to give,
Give me thine only Self to know,
In thee to walk and live.

IV.

Fill me with all the Life of Love,
In mystick Union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The Fellowship divine.

V.

Open the Intercourse between
My longing Soul and thee.
Never to be broke off again
Thro' all Eternity.

VI.

Grant this, O LORD, for thou hast died
That I might be forgiven,
Thou hast the Righteousness supplied.
For which I merit Heaven.

H Y M N LXIII.

After a Relapse into Sin.

I.

MY God, my God, on thee I call,
Thee only would I know :
One Drop of Blood on me let fall,
And wash me white as Snow.

II.

Touch me, and make the Leper clean,
Purge my Iniquity :
Unless thou wash my Soul from Sin,
I have no part with thee.

But

III.

But art thou not already mine?

Answer, if mine thou art?

Whisper within, thou Love divine,
And cheer my doubting Heart.

IV.

Tell me again, my Peace is made,

And bid the Sinner live,

The Debt's discharg'd, the Ransom's paid,
My Father must forgive.

V.

Father, forgive thy froward Child,

I ask in JESU's Name,

I languish to be reconcil'd,
And reconcil'd I am.

IV.

Behold for me the Victim bleeds,

His Wounds are open'd wide,

For me the Blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justify'd.

H Y M N LXIV.

The Love-Feast.

I.

COME, and let us sweetly join,
CHRIST to praise in Hymns divine.

Give we all with one Accord

Glory to our common LORD.

Hands, and Hearts, and Voices raise,

Sing as in the antient Days,

Antedate the Joys above,
Celebrate the Feast of Love.

II.

Strive we, in Affection strive,
Let the purer Flame revive,
Such as in the Martyrs glow'd,
Dying Champions for their GOD.
We like them may live and love,
Call'd we are their Joys to prove;
Sav'd with them from future Wrath,
Partners of like precious Faith.

III.

Sing we then in JESU's Name,
Now, as yesterday the same,
One in every Age and Place,
Full for All of Truth and Grace.
We for CHRIST our Master stand,
Lights in a benighted Land;
We our dying LORD confess,
We are JESU's Witnesſes.

H Y M N LXV.

Before Sermon.

I.

ARISE, eternal GOD of Hosts!
And let thy Voice be heard;
Gather thy Sheep, the stray'd and lost,
And let the vile be spar'd!

II.

Awake the Dead in Trespases,

And

And all their Sins forgive;
Set up thine only Righteousness,
And learn us to believe!

III.

Conq'ring go forth Almighty Word!
Zion's Chief Corner Stone;
Destroy the false Foundations, **LORD,**
And reign ador'd alone!

IV

To thee compel the banish'd ones,
To offer up thy Pray'r;
Let all thy Church as living Stones
Be built and 'stablish'd here.

V.

So let the Lands from East to West,
The joyful Tydings know;
Be shewn the Bliss of JESU's Rest,
The Way wherein to go!

VI.

Let us, let all assembl'd here,
(Invited to thee come)
Escape from Bondage, Sin, and Fear,
And find in JESU's Room!

VII

Our Souls with many Follies stain'd,
Our Hearts the Source of Sin
Create anew; let thy right Hand
Make ev'ry Vessel clean.

VIII.

Now let the promis'd Gift appear,
Now let the Spirit fall

On all, as many as shall hear,
Whom thou, O God, shall call.

H Y M N LXVI.

I.

JESUS, my LORD, attend,
Thy fallen Creature's Cry,
And shew thyself the Sinner's Friend,
And set me up on high ;
From Hell's oppressive Power,
From Earth and Sin release,
And to thy FATHER's Grace restore,
And to thy perfect Peace.

II.

For this, alas ! I mourn,
In helpless Unbelief ;
But thou my wretched heart can'st turn,
And heal my Sin and Grief ;
Salvation in thy Name
To dying Souls is giv'n,
And all may, thro' thy Merit, claim
A Right to Life and Heaven.

III.

Thy Blood and Right'ousness
I make my only Plea,
My present and eternal Peace
Are both deriv'd from thee ;
Rivers of Life divine
From thee their Fountain flow,
And all who know that Love of thine,
The Joy of Angels know.

IV.

O then impute, impart
 To me thy Right'ousness,
 And let me taste how good thou art,
 How full of Truth and Grace:
 That thou can'st here forgive,
 I long to testify;
 And justify'd by Faith to live,
 And in that Faith to die.

H Y M N LXVII.

I.

FATHER of JESUS CHRIST the Just,
 My Friend and Advocate with thee,
 Pity a Soul, who fain would trust
 In him, who lov'd, and dy'd for me;
 But only thou can'st make him known,
 And in my Heart reveal thy SON.

II.

If drawn by thine alluring Grace,
 My Want of living Faith I feel,
 Shew me in CHRIST thy smiling Face;
 What Flesh and Blood can ne'er reveal,
 Thy Co-eternal SON display,
 And call my Darkness into Day.

III.

The Gift unspeakable impart,
 Command the Light of Faith to shine,
 To shine in my dark drooping Heart,
 And fill me with the Life divine;

Now

Now bid the new Creation be,
GOD, let there be Faith in me!

IV.

Thee without Faith I cannot please,
Faith without thee I cannot have;
But thou hast sent the Prince of Peace,
To seek my wand'ring Soul, and save;
O FATHER, glorify thy SON,
And save me for his Sake alone!

V.

Save me thro' Faith in JESU's Blood,
That Blood which he for all did shed
For me, for me, tho know'st it flow'd,
For me, for me, thou hear'st it plead
Assure me now my Soul is thine,
And all thou art in CHRIST is mine!

H Y M N LXVIII.

I.

MEET and right it is to sing
Glory to our GOD and KING!
Meet in every Time and Place,
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

II.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around;
Angels, help the chearful Sound;
Publish thro' the World abroad,
Glory to the Eternal GOD!

III.

Praises here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our Thanks receive:

Holy

Holy FATHER, sovereign LORD,
Always every where ador'd!

IV.

Sons of Belial, hear the Cry
Loud, as you our God defy!
You can glory in your shame,
Shall not we our God proclaim?

V.

You can brave JEHOVAH's Laws,
Zealous in your Master's Cause,
JESU, shall thy Servants be,
Let's resolv'd and bold for thee.

VI.

Thro' the injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in JESU's Name:
SAVIOUR, thee we ever bless;
Thee, before thy Foes confess.

VII.

Silent have we been too long,
Aw'd by Earth's rebellious Throng:
Should we still to sing deny,
Sure the very Stones would cry.

Hallelujah !

H Y M N LXIX.

PSALM li. 10.

I.

O For an Heart to praise my God !
An Heart from Sin set free,
An Heart that's sprinkled with the Blood,
So freely spilt for me !

An

II.

An Heart resign'd submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's Throne,
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

III.

An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither Life, nor Death, can part
From him that dwells within.

IV.

An Heart in every Thought renew'd,
And fill'd with Love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A Copy, LORD, of thine.

V.

Thy tender Heart is still the same,
And melts at human Woe :
JESU, for thee distressed I am,
I want thy Love to know.

VI.

My Heart, thou know'st, can never rest
Till thou create my Peace,
Till of my Eden re-possess,
From Self, and Sin, I cease.

VII.

Thy Nature, gracious LORD, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

H Y M N LXX.

I.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word,
 Haste to the Supper of your LORD,
 Be wise to know your gracious Day,
 All things are ready, come away!

II.

Ready the Father is to own,
 And kifs his late returning Son;
 Ready the loving SAVIOUR stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

III.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
 Just now the stony Heart to move;
 T' apply and witness with the Blood,
 And wash and seal you, Sons of God.

IV.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
 To triumph in your best Estate:
 Tuning their Harps, they long to praise
 The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

V.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your LORD,
 To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd,
 His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
 The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

H Y M N LXXI.

Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

HARK! the Herald Angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!

Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

II.

Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies !
With th' angelic Host proclaim,
" CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem.*"

III.

CHRIST, by highest Heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the everlasting LORD ;
Late in Time, behold him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's Womb.

IV.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail th' Incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as Men with Men t' appear,
JESUS our IMMANUEL here.

V.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

VI.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die ;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born to give them second Birth.

VII.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble Home ;

Rise, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

VIII

Adam's Likeness now efface,
Stamp thine Image in its Place;
Second Adam from above,
Re-instate in us thy Love!

H Y M N LXXII.

The poor Sinner.

I.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy Blessing to receive.

Full of Guilt alas! I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee:
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

II.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure;
Empty send me not away,

For I, thou know'st, am poor;
Dust and Ashes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Misery:
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

III.

Without Money, without Price,

H

I come thy Love to buy ;
 From myself I turn my Eyes,
 The Chief of Sinners I.
 Take, O take me as I am,
 And let me lose myself in thee :
 Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
 Thy Blood was shed for me.

H Y M N LXXIII.

I.

O Sun of Righteousness arise,
 With Healing in thy Wings ;
 To my diseas'd, my fainting Soul
 Thy Light Salvation brings.

II.

These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel
 By thine all-piercing Beam,
 Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
 With holy Hope inflame.

III.

My Mind by thy all-quick'ning Pow'r
 From low Desires set free,
 Unite my scatter'd Thoughts, and fix
 My Love entire on thee.

IV.

FATHER, thy long-lost Son receive ;
SAVIOUR, thy Purchase own ;
Blest COMFORTER, with Peace and Joy
 Thy new-made Creature crown.

H Y M N LXXIV.

I.

L O R D, if now thou passest by me,
 Stand and call me unto thee,
 Freely, fully, justify me,
 Give me Eyes thy Love to see;
 Love, that brought thee down from Heaven,
 Made by G O D a Man of Grief;
 Let it shew my Sins forgiven;
 Help, O help, mine Unbelief!

II.

Long I for thy Love have waited,
 Begging sat by the Way-side,
 Still I am not new created,
 Still I am not sanctify'd.
 Thou, O LORD, in great Compassion,
 Hast in Part my Sight restor'd;
 Shew me all thy full Salvation,
 Make the Servant as his LORD.

H Y M N LXXV.

I.

J E S U S my all to Heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my Hopes upon;
 His Track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow Way, till him I view.

II.

The Way the holy Prophets went,
 The Road that leads from Banishment,

The King's Highway of Holiness
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

III.

No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, no devouring Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

IV.

No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one :
Way-faring Men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

V.

This is the Way I long have fought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

VI.

The more I strove against it's Power,
I finn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my SAVIOUR say,
" Come hither Soul," I am the Way.

VII.

Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest LAMB,
Shalt take me to thee as I am ;
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.

VIII.

Then will I tell to Sinners round,
What a dear SAVIOUR I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, " Behold the Way to God."

HYMN

H Y M N LXXVI.

I.

GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose Glory fills the Sky :
 Peace on Earth to Men forgiv'n,
 Man, the well beloved of Heav'n.

II.

CHRIST our LORD and GOD we own,
 CHRIST the FATHER'S only SON,
 LAMB of GOD for Sinners slain,
 SAVIOUR of offending Man.

III.

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
 Hear, the World's Atonement thou,
 JESU, in thy Name we pray,
 Take, O take, our Sins away.

IV.

Pow'rful Advocate with GOD,
 Justify us by thy Blood;
 Bow thine Ear, in Mercy Bow,
 Hear the World's Atonement thou.

H Y M N LXXVII.

I.

ALL ye that pass by,
 To JESUS draw nigh
 To you is it nothing that JESUS should die?
 Your Ransom and Peace,
 Your Surety he is;
 Come see if there ever was Sorrow like his.

II.

For what you have done
His Blood must atone,
The FATHER hath punish'd for you his dear
The LORD, in the Day (SON;
Of his Anger, did lay
Our Sins on the LAMB, and he bore them

III.

(away

He answer'd for all,
O come at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall!
But lift up your Eyes
At JESUS's Cries,
Impassive he suffers! Immortal he dies!

IV.

For you and for me
He pray'd on the Tree,
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free;
The Sinner am I,
Who on JESUS rely,
And come for the Pardon God cannot deny.

V.

My Pardon I claim,
For a Sinner I am,
A Sinner believing in JESUS's Name;
He purchas'd the Grace
Which now I embrace,
O FATHER, thou know'st he hath dy'd in

VI.

(my Place.

His Death is my Plea,
My Advocate sec,

And

And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd
 Acquitted I was, (for me.
 When he bled on the Cross,
 And by losing his Life he hath carry'd my
 (Cause.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

I.

COME ye that love the LORD,
 And let your Joys be known,
 Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
 While ye surround the Throne.

II.

The Sorrows of the Mind
 Be banish'd from the Place;
 Religion never was design'd
 To make our Pleasures less.

III.

Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our GOD;
 But Children of the heav'nly KING
 Will speak their Joys abroad.

IV.

The Men of Grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground,
 From Faith and Hope may grow.

V.

The Hill of Zion yields

A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

VI.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

H Y M N LXXIX.

Refurrection of CHRIST.

I.

CHRIST the LORD is risen To-day !
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raife your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

II.

Love's redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won :
Lo ! our Sun's Eclipse is o'er,
Lo ! he sets in Blood no more.

III.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burst the Gates of Hell :
Death in vain forbids his Rise,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradise.

IV.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death ! is now thy Sting !

Once

Once he died our Souls to save,
Where's thy Victory, O Grave!

V.

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head,
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies.

VI.

What tho' once we perish'd all
Part'ners of our Parent's Fall,
Second Life we all receive,
In our Heav'nly Adam live.

VII.

Hail the LORD of Earth and Heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—THOU!

VIII.

King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
Everlasting Life is this—
Thee to know—Thy Pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love.

H Y M N LXXX.

Ascension.

I.

OUR LORD is risen from the Dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high,
The Pow'rs of Hell are Captive led,
Dragg'd to the Portals of the Sky.

There

II.

There his triumphant Chariots waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way !

III.

Loose all your Bars of massy Light,
And wide unfold th' etherial Scene ;
He claims these Mansions as Right,
Receive the King of Glory in !

IV

Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The LORD that all his Foes o'ercame,
The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'erthrew
And JESUS is the Conqu'ror's Name.

V.

Lo ! his triumphal Chariot waits,
And Angels chaunt the solemn Lay,
Lift up your Heads, ye heav'nly Gates,
Ye everlasting Doors give Way !

VI.

Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The LORD of glorious Pow'r posselt,
The King of Saints and Angels too,
God over all, for ever blest !

H Y M N LXXXI.

I.

YE Servants of GOD,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name :

The

The Name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol ;
His Kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

II.

The Waves of the the Sea
Have lift up their Voice,
Sore troubled that we
In JESUS rejoice :
The Floods they are roaring.
But JESUS is here :
While we are adoring,
He always is near.

III.

Men, Devils engage,
The Billows arise,
And horribly rage,
And threaten the Skies.
Their Fury shall never
Our Stedfastness shock,
The weakeſt Believer
Is built on a Rock.

IV.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His Prefence we have ;
The great Congregation
His Triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing Salvation
To JESUS our King.

Salvation

V.

Salvation to God,
 Who sits on his Throne;
 Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the SON :
 Our JESUS's Praises
 The Angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their Faces,
 And worship the LAMB.

VI.

Then let us adore
 And give him his Right,
 All Glory and Pow'r,
 And Wisdom, and Might;
 All Honour and Blessing,
 With Angels above,
 And Thanks never ceasing,
 And infinite Love.

H Y M N LXXXII.

I.

O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God !
 Come, wash us in thy cleansing Blood;
 Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
 Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

H.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee :
 Seal thou our Breasts, and let us wear
 That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How

III.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That thou should'st Man to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Part'ners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.

IV.

Ah, LORD! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stamm'ring Tongue to tell
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

V.

First-born of many Brethren thou,
To thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

H Y M N LXXXIII.

I.

O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall we find our longing Hearts
All taken up by thee?
Oh make me pant and thirst to prove
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of CHRIST to me.

II.

God only knows the Love of God,
O that it now were shed abroad
In each Poor stony Heart!
For Love I'd sigh, for Love I'd pine,
This only Portion, LORD, be mine,
Be mine this better Part,

III.

O that we could forever fit,
 With Mary, at the Master's Feet,
 Be this our happy Choice !
 Our only Care, Delight, and Bliss,
 Our Joy, our Heav'n on Earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

IV

Thy only Love may we require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above ;
 Let Earth and all it's Trifles go,
 Give us, O LORD, thy Love to know,
 Give us thy precious Love !

H Y M N LXXXIV.

I.

HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
 The seventh Trumpet speaks him near :
 His Light'nings flash, his Thunders roll,
 He's welcome, to the faithful Soul,
 Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
 welcome to the faithful Soul.

H.

From Heav'n, angelic Voices sound,
 See the Almighty JESUS crown'd !
 Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
 And Glory decks the SAVIOUR'S Face,
 " Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks
 the SAVIOUR'S Face !
 Descending

III.

Descending on his Azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own:
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
hail him their triumphant LORD.

IV.

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the MOST HIGH:
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns:
Ever, ever, ever, ever, ever and forever reigns

VII.

The FATHER praise, SON the adore,
The SPIRIT blest for evermore:
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome thee GREAT THREE in ONE!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
welcome thee GREAT THREE in ONE!

H Y M N LXXXV.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

I.

MY drowsy Pow'rs why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish Soul:
Nothing hath half thy Work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.

II.

Go to the Ants—for one poor Grain

See how they toil and strive !
 Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain,
 How negligent we live !

III.

We, for whom GOD the SON came down,
 And labour'd for our Good,
 How careless to secure that Crown
 He purchas'd with his Blood !

IV.

LORD, shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our Parts ?
 Come, LORD, thy gracious Word fulfil,
 And warm our frozen Hearts !

V.

Give us with active Warmth to move,
 With vig'rous Souls to rise,
 With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
 To fly and take the Prize.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
 My GOD, my heav'nly King !
 Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
 In sounds of Glory sing.

II.

GOD reigns on high, but not confines
 His Goodness to the Skies ;
 Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,
 Any ev'ry Want supplies.

With

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On thee, for daily Food;
Thy lib'ral Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good:

IV.

How kind are thy Compassions, LORD!
How slow thine Anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning Word,
To chear the Soul he loves,

V.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praise proclaim:
May we, who taste the richer Grace,
Delight to bless thy Name!

H Y M N LXXXVII.

I.

JESUS thou art my Righteousness,
For all my Sins were thine,
Thy Death hath bought of GOD my Peace,
Thy Life hath made him mine:
My dying SAVIOUR and my GOD!
Fountain for Guilt and Sin!
Sprinkle me ever with thy Blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean!

H.

Wash me, and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art,
Wash me, but not my Feet alone,
My Hands, my Head, my Heart!

Th' Atonement of thy Blood apply,
 Till Faith to Sight improve,
 Till Hope shall in Fruition die,
 And all my Soul be Love!

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

I.

COME let us ascend,
 My Companion and Friend,
 To a Taste of the Banquet Above:
 If thine Heart be as mine,
 If for JESUS it pine,
 Come up for the Chariot of Love.

II.

Who in JESUS confide,
 They are bold to outride
 The Storms of Affliction beneath;
 With the Prophet they soar
 To that heav'nly Shore,
 And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

III.

By Faith we are come
 To our permanent Home,
 By Hope we the rapture improve:
 By Love we still rise,
 And look down on the Skies—
 For the Heav'n of Heav'ns is Love!

IV.

Who on Earth can conceive
 How happy we live

In the City of God the great King!
 What a Concert of Praise,
 When our JESUS's Grace,
 The whole heavenly Company sing!

V.

What rapturous Song
 When the glorify'd Throng
 In the Spirit of Harmony join!
 Join all the glad Choirs,
 Hearts, Voices, and Lyres,
 And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

VI.

Hallelujah they cry
 To the King of the Sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM,
 To the LAMB that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to GOD and LAMB.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Humiliation.

I.

LORD, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the Man, whose guilty Fall
 Corrupts the Race, and taints us all!

II.

Soon as we draw our Infant Breath,
 The Seeds of Sin grow up for Death!

Thy

Thy Law demands a perfect Heart,
But we're defil'd in every Part.

III.

Behold ! we fall before thy Face ;
Our only Refuge is thy Grace ;
No outward Forms can make us clean,
The Leprosy lies deep within.

IV.

JESUS, our GOD ! thy Blood alone
Hath Pow'r sufficient to atone ;
LORD ! let us hear thy pard'ning Voice,
And make our down-cast Heart rejoice !

H Y M N X C.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

T H E LORD of Earth and Sky,
The GOD of Ages praise !
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endless Days ;
Who lengthens out our Trial here,
And spares us yet another Year.

II.

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holiness
On our dead Souls was found ;
Yet did he us in Mercy spare,
Another and another Year.

When

III.

When Justice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-Tree down,
The Pity of our LORD
Cry'd, " Let it still alone,"
The FATHER mild inclin'd his Ear,
And spar'd us yet another Year.

IV.

JESUS, thy speaking Blood
From GOD obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath bestow'd
On us a longer Space ;
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,
And lo, we see another Year !

V.

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our fallow Ground,
And let our gracious Fruit
To thy great Praise abound :
O let us all thy Praise declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear !

H Y M N XCI.

I.

LET Earth and Heav'n agree,
Angels and Men be join'd
To celebrate with me
The SAVIOUR of Mankind ;
T'adore the all-atoning LAMB,
And bless the Soul of JESU'S Name.

JESUS !

II.

JESUS! transporting Sound;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n!
No other Help is found,
No other Name is giv'n,
By which we can Salvation have—
But JESUS came the World to save.

III.

JESUS! harmonious Name!
It charms the Hosts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his Love!
'Tis all their Happiness to gaze,
'Tis Heav'n to see, our JESU's Face.

IV.

His Name the Sinner hears,
And is from Sin set free;
'Tis Music in his Ears,
'Tis Life and Victory:
New Songs do now his Lips employ,
And dances his glad Heart for Joy!

H Y M N XCII.

The Pilgrim's Hymn. A Dialogue.

I.

TELL us, O Women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move;
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.*

Whence

II.

Whence came ye, say and what the Place,
That ye are trav'ling from?
*From Tribulation, we thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.*

III.

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
*We seek a better Country far,
A City built by GOD.*

IV.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest;
*Nor we, till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are bless'd.*

V.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign,
SAVIOUR, we ask no more;
*Hail Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain,
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!*

H Y M N XCIII.

Unfruitfulness.

I.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, LORD,
But still how weak our Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

II.

Oft we frequent thine holy Place,
Yet hear almost in vain : How

How small a Portion of thy Grace
Do our false Hearts retain !

III.

Our gracious SAVIOUR and our God,
How little art thou known,
By all the Judgements of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne ?

IV.

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fears !
How low our Hope of Joys above,
How few Affections there !

V.

Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success ;
Write thy Salvation on our Heart,
And makes us learn thy Grace.

VI.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way
That leads to Joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

H Y M N XCIV.

I.

O Let thy Love our Hearts constrain,
Jesus the Crucified ?
What hast thou done our Hearts to gain,
Languish'd, and groan'd, and died !

II.

Us into closest Union draw,

And

And in our inward Parts
Let Kindness sweetly write her Law,
Let Love command our Hearts.

III.

Who would not now pursue the Way
Where JESU'S Footsteps shine !
Who would not own the pleasing Sway
Of Charity divine ?

IV.

O let us find the antient Way,
Our wondering Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
“ See how these Christians love ! ”

H Y M N XCV.

Nativity of CHRIST.

I.

COME, thou long-expected JESUS !
Born to set thy People free ;
From our Fears and Sins release us,
Let us find our Rest in thee !
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the Earth thou art !
Dear Desire of every Nation,
Joy of every longing Heart !

II.

Born thy People to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King !
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring !

By thine own eternal Spirit,
 Rule in all our Hearts alone;
 By thine all-sufficient Merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious Throne!

H Y M N XCVI.

Public Worship.

I.

LORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy Feet we humbly bow:
 Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
 Shall we seek thee, LORD, in vain?

II.

LORD, on thee our Souls depend;
 In Compassion now descend:
 Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
 Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

III.

In thine own appointed Way,
 Now we seek thee—here we stay;
LORD, we know not how to go:
 Till a Blessing thou bestow.

IV.

Send some Message from thy Word,
 That may Joy and Peace afford;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Full Salvation to each Heart.

V.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
 Let the Time of Joy return;

Those

Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in Faith and Hope!

VI.

Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee!

H Y M N XCVII.

For Persons join'd in Fellowship:

I.

TRY us, O God, and search the Ground
Of ev'ry sinful Heart;
Whate'er of Sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

II.

When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless,
But guide our Feet into the Way
Of everlasting Peace.

III.

Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's Cross to bear;
Let each his friendly Aid afford,
And feel his Brother's Care.

IV.

Help us to build each other up,
Our little Stock improve,
Increase our Faith, confirm our Hope
And perfect us in love.

V.

Then when the mighty Work is wrought,
 Receive the ready Bride;
 Give us in Heav'n a happy Lot,
 With all the Sanctified.

H Y M N XCVIII.

An Act of Faith.

I.

AWAY my unbelieving Fear,
 Fear shall in me no more take Place!
 My SAVIOUR doth not yet appear,
 He hides the Brightness of his Face:
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the Tempter yield—
 No—in the Strength of JESUS no—
 I never will give up my Shield.

II.

Altho' the Vine its Fruit deny,
 Altho' the Olive yield no Oil,
 The with'ring Fig-tree droop and die,
 The Field illude the Tiller's Toil,
 The empty Stall no Herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating Race,
 Yet will I triumph in the LORD,
 The GOD of my Salvation praise.

III.

Barren altho' my Soul remain,
 And no one Bud of Grace appear,
 No Fruit of all my Toil and Pain,
 But Sin, and only Sin is here! Altho'

Altho' my Gifts and Comforts lost,
 My blooming Hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my SAVIOUR trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me:

IV.

In Hope, believing against Hope,
 JESUS my LORD and GOD I claim,
 JESUS my Strength shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in JESU's Name:
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My Soul shall then outstrip the Wind,
 On Wings of Love mount up on high,
 And leave the World and Sin behind.

H Y M N XCIX.

For one under Temptation.

I.

JESU, lover of my Soul,
 Let me to thy Bosom fly,
 While the nearer Waters roll,
 While the Tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
 Till the Storm of Life is past;
 Safe into the Haven guide,
 O receive my Soul at last!

II.

Other Refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless Soul on thee,
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:

All my Trust on thee is stay'd,
All mine Help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

III.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
More than All in thee I find :
Raise the Fallen cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick and lead the Blind,
Just and holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness !
Vile and full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

IV.

Plenteous Grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my Sin :
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within :
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee,
Spring thou up within mine Heart,
Rise to all Eternity !

H Y M N C.

Prayer for Seriousness.

THOU God of glorious Majesty !
To thee, against myself, to thee
A Worm of Earth I cry :

An half-awaken'd Child of Man,
 An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain,
 A Sinner born to die.

II.

Lo! on a narrow Neck of Land
 'Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
 Secure—insensible!
 A Point of Time, a Moment's Space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
 Or shuts me up in Hell!

III.

O God! mine inmost Soul convert!
 And deeply on my thoughtful Heart,
 Eternal Things impress!
 Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
 And tremble on the Brink of Fate,
 And wake to Righteousness!

IV.

Before me place in dread Array,
 The Pomp of that tremendous Day,
 When thou with Clouds shalt come;
 To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
 And tell me, LORD, shall I be there
 To meet a joyful Doom!

V.

Be this my one great Bus'ness here,
 With serious Industry and Fear,
 My future Bliss to insure!
 Thine utmost Counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous Will,
 And to the End endure!

Then

VI.

Then, SAVIOUR, then my Soul receive,
 Transported from the Vale to live
 And reign with thee above,
 Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
 And Hope in full supreme Delight,
 And everlasting Love.

H Y M N C I.

I.

TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night,
 When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose
 Against the Son of God's Delight,
 And Friends betray'd him to his Foes :

II.

Before the mournful Scene began,
 He took the Bread, and bless'd, and brake:
 What Love thro' all his Actions ran !
 What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake

III.

“ This is my Body broke for Sin,
 “ Receive and eat the living Food.”
 Then took the Cup, and bless'd the Wine ;
 “ This the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

IV.

“ Do this (he cry'd) till Time shall end,
 “ In Mem'ry of your dying Friend ;
 “ Meet at my Table, and record
 “ The Love of your departed LORD.”

V.

JESUS, thy Feast we celebrate,

We

We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we shalt eat
The Marriage Supper of the LAMB.

H Y M N CII.

I.

THOU very Paschal LAMB,
Whose Blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy rasom'd People lead!

II.

Angel of Gospel Grace,
Fulfil thy Character,
To guard and feed thy chosen Race,
In Israel's Camp appear!

III.

Throughout the Defart-way
Conduct us by thy Light!
Be thou a cooling Cloud by Day,
A chearing Fire by Night.

IV

Our fainting Souls sustain
With Blessings from above,
And ever on thy People rain
The Manna of thy Love!

H Y M N CIII.

I.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding Love
We thus recall to mind,
Send

Send the Answer from above,
 And let us Mercy find;
 Think on us, who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling Soul release!
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace.

II.

By thine agonizing Pain,
 And bloody Sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying Love to Man,
 Take all our Sins away:
 Burst our Bonds, and set us free,
 From all our iniquity release:
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace!

III.

Let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,
 The Sinners Pardon seal,
 Speak us freely justify'd,
 And all our Sickness heal:
 By thy Passion on the Tree
 Let all our Grievs and Troubles cease;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace!

IV.

Never let us hence depart,
 Till thou our Wants relieve,
 Write Forgiveness in our Heart,
 And all thine image give:
 May our Souls still cry to thee
 Till perfected in Holiness;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in Peace!

HYMN

H Y M N CIV.

I.

COME HOLY GHOST, set to thy Seal,
Thine inward Witness give,
To all our waiting Souls reveal
The Death by which we live.

II.

Spectators of the Pangs divine,
O that we now may be ;
Discerning in the sacred Sign
His Passion on the Tree !

III.

Repeat the SAVIOUR's dying Cry
In ev'ry Heart so loud,
That ev'ry Heart may now reply,
" This was the Son of God ! "

H Y M N CV.

I.

HOW long, O LORD, shall we
In vain lament for thee !
Come, and comfort them that mourn ;
Come, as in the antient Days,
In thine Ordinance return,
In thine own appointed Ways !

II.

Come to thine House again,
Nor let us seek in vain :
This the Place of meeting be,
To thy waiting Flock repair,

Let us here thy Beauty see,
Find thee in the House of Pray'r !

III.

Let us with solemn Awe
Nigh to thine Altar draw,
Taste thee in broken Bread,
Drink thee in thy mystic Wine;
Now the gracious Spirit shed,
Fill us now with Love divine !

H Y M N CVI.

I.

IN JESUS we live, in JESUS we rest,
And thankful receive his dying Request,
The Cup of Salvation his Mercy bestows,
And from his dear Passion our happiness flows

II.

With mystical Wine he comforts us here,
And gladly we join, till JESUS appear,
With hearty thanksgiving his death to record
The Living, the Living should sing of the
(LORD.

III.

He hallow'd the Cup which now we receive,
The Pledge of our Hope with JESUS to live,
(Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be
(found,
With Glory and Gladness eternally crown'd.

IV.

The Fruit of the Vine, (the Joy it implies)
Again we shall join to drink in the Skies,
Exult

Exult in his Favour, our Triumph renew;
And I, faith the SAVIOUR, will drink it
(with you.

H Y M N CVII.

On the Crucifixion.

I.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent,
Break, by JESU'S Cross subdu'd,
See his Body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
Sinful Soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd GOD'S eternal SON.

II.

Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix him here,
Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
Pierc'd him with the Soldier's Spear,
Made his Soul a Sacrifice;
For a sinful World he dies!

III.

Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to Death pursue our God!
Open tear his Wounds again,
Trample on his precious Blood?
No; with all our Sins we'd part,
SAVIOUR, give a broken Heart!

H Y M N CVIII.

I.

COME JESUS, come, descend and dwell,
By Faith, and Love, in ev'ry Breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

II.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

III.

Now to the GOD whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done,
By all the Church, thro' CHRIST his SON!

H Y M N CIX.

I.

ALL Glory and Praise,
To the Ancient of Days, (Race.
Who was born, and was slain to redeem a lost

II.

Salvation to GOD,
Who carried our Load, (his Blood.
And purchas'd our Peace with the Price of

III.

And shall he not have
The Lives which he gave
Such an infinite Ransom for ever to save?

Yes,

IV.

Yes, LORD, we are thine,
And gladly resign (vine.
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fulness Di-

V.

We'd yield thee thine own,
We'd serve thee alone,
Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.

VI.

How, when shall it be
We cannot foresee;
But oh! let us live, let us die unto thee!

H Y M N CX.

I.

O UR Shepherd alone
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the Throne
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his Blood;
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD!

II.

We daily will sing
Thy Merits, thy Praise,
Thou merciful Spring
Of Pity and Grace:
Thy Kindness for ever
To Men we will tell:
And say, our dear SAVIOUR
Redeems us from Hell.

III.

Preserve us in Love,
 While here we abide;
 Nor ever remove,
 Nor cover, nor hide
 Thy glorious Salvation,
 Till joyful we see
 The beautiful Vision
 Completed in thee!

H Y M N CXI.

*The Christian's Triumph in the Righteousness of
 the LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

I.

JESU thy Blood and Righteousness,
 My Beauty are, my glorious Dress,
 Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd
 With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

II.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
 To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
 Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
 "Jesus hath liv'd and dy'd for me."

III.

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
 For who ought to my Charge shall lay?
 Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am
 From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

IV.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
 Thus

Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
SAVIOUR of Sinners thee proclaim,
Sinners of whom the Chief I am.

V.

This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.

VI.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

H. Y. M. N. CXII.

I.

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heaven to Earth come down!
Fix in us thine humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown;
JESUS! thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter every trembling Heart!

II.

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled Breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest:
Take away the Power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,

End of Faith as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

III.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thine Hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

IV.

Finish, then thy new Creation,
Pure unspotted may we be,
Let us see thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restor'd by thee!
Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
Till in Heaven we take our Place,
Till we cast our Crowns before thee,
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.

H Y M N CXIII.

Offices of CHRIST.

I.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To speak his Worth,

Too mean to set
Our SAVIOUR forth.

II.

But, O what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly Grace!

My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder see
What Forms of Love
He bears for thee.

III.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bless thy Name!
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came:

The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

IV.

JESUS our great High Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;
Thou guilty Sinner seek
No Sacrifice beside:

His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

V.

Thou dear Almighty LORD!

Our

Our Conqu'ror and our King!
 Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace we sing:
 Thine is the Pow'r;
 O may we fit,
 In willing Bonds
 Beneath thy Feet!

H Y M N CXIV.

The Same.

I.

AR R A Y'd in mortal Flesh,
 Lo the GREAT ANGEL stands!
 And holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands:
 Commission'd from
 His Father's Throne,
 To make his Grace
 To Mortals known.

II.

Be thou our Counsellor,
 Our Pattern and our Guide!
 And through this desert Land
 Still keep us near thy Side!
 O let our Feet
 Ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek
 The crooked Way.

III.

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,

Whose

Whose watchful Eye doth keep
 Poor wand'ring Souls among
 The Thousands of his Sheep :
 He feeds his Flock,
 He calls their Names,
 His Bosom bears
 The tender Lambs.

IV.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
 My Soul, commend thy Cause,
 He answers and fulfills
 His FATHER's broken Laws :
 Believing Souls
 Now free are set :
 For CHRIST hath paid
 Their dreadful Debt.

V.

Then let our Souls arise,
 And tread the Tempter down ;
 Our Captain leads us forth
 To Conquest and a Crown :
 A feeble Saint
 Shall win the Day,
 Tho' Death and Hell
 Obstruct the Way.

H Y M N CXV.

I.

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
 Amidst his Father's Throne ;

Prepare

Prepare new Honours for his Name,
And Songs before unknown.

II.

Let Elders worship at his Feet,
The Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours sweet,
And Harps of sweeter Sound.

III.

Those are the Prayers of the Saints,
And these the Hymns they raise :
JESUS is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praise.

IV.

Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret Will ?
Who but the Son should take that Book,
And open ev'ry Seal ?

V.

He shall fulfill thy great Decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo, in his Hand the Sovereign Keys,
Of Heav'n, and Death, and Hell.

VI.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless Blessings paid ;
Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
For ever on thy Head.

VII.

Thou hast redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
Hast set the Pris'ners free,
Hast made us Kings and Priests to GOD,
And we shall reign with thee.

The

VIII

The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
 Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
 Then shorten these delaying Days,
 And bring the promis'd Hour.

H Y M N CXVI.

I.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
 The Promise is fulfill'd;
 MARY the wond'rous Virgin bears,
 And JESUS is the Child.

II.

The LORD, the Higheſt God,
 Calls him his only SON;
 He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
 And gives him *David's Throne*.

III.

O'er *Jacob* ſhall he reign
 With a peculiar Sway;
 The Nations ſhall his Grace obtain,
 His Kingdom ne'er decay.

IV.

To bring the glorious News,
 A heavenly Form appears;
 He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
 And baniſhes their Fears.

V.

Go, humble Swains, ſaid he,
 To *David's City* fly;
 The promis'd Infant born to Day,
 Doth in a Manger lie.

With

VI.

*With Looks and Hearts serene
Go visit Christ your King;
And strait a flaming Troop was seen;
The Shepherd's heard them sing.*

VII.

*Glory to God on High!
And Heavenly Peace on Earth,
Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At the Redeemer's Birth!*

VIII.

*In Worship so Divine
Let Saints imploy their Tongues,
With the Celestial Host we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.*

IX.

*Glory to God on High!
And Heavenly Peace on Earth,
Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At our Redeemer's Birth!*

H Y M N CXVII.

I.

HOW beauteous are their Feet
Who stand on Zion's Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

II.

How charming is their Voice!
How sweet the Tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

How

III.

How happy are our Ears,
That hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found!

IV.

How blessed are our Eyes,
That see this Heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight!

V.

The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Desarts learn the Joy.

VI.

The LORD makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the Earth abroad;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their SAVIOUR and their GOD.

H Y M N CXVIII.

I.

O LORD how great's the Favour!
That we, such Sinners poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour
Approach thy Mercy's Door,
And find an open Passage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Message
That bids us go in Peace.

M

LORD.

H.

LORD, we are helpless Creatures,
 Full of the deepest Need,
 Throughout defil'd by Nature,
 Stupid, and inly dead ;
Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
 And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all Uncleaness,
 A Den of Thieves within.

III.

In this forlorn Condition,
 Who shall afford us Aid !
 Where shall we find Compassion,
 But in the Church's Head ?
JESUS, thou art all Pity,
 Oh take us to thine Arms,
 And exercise thy Mercy,
 To save us from all Harms.

IV.

We'll never cease repeating
 Our numberless Complaints,
 But ever be intreating
 The glorious King of Saints ;
 Till we attain the Image
 Of Him we inly love,
 And pay our grateful Homage,
 With all the Saints above.

V.

Then we, with all in Glory,
 Shall thankfully relate
 Th' amazing, pleasing Story,
 Of JESU'S Love so great :

In this blest Contemplation
 We shall for ever dwell,
 And prove such Consolation
 As none below can tell.

H Y M N CXIX

I.

WHO shall the LORD's Elect condemn?
 'Tis Gop that justifies their Souls,
 And Mercy, like a mighty Stream,
 O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.

II.

Who shall ajudge the Saints to Hell?
 'Tis CHRIST that suffer'd in their stead;
 And the Salvation to fulfill,
 Behold him rising from the Dead.

III.

He lives! he lives! and sets above,
 For ever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from his Love,
 Or what should tempt us to despair?

IV.

Shall Persecution, or Distress,
 Famine, or Sword, or Nakedness?
 He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
 And make us more than Conqu'rors too,

V.

Faith hath an overcoming Power,
 It triumphs in the dying Hour:
 CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a Prop.

Without a murm'ring Word,
And the whole Race of *Adam* stand
Guilty before the Lord.

III.

In vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the Law can do.

IV.

JESUS, how glorious is thy Grace,
When in thy Name we trust !
Our Faith receives a Righteousness
That makes the Sinner just.

H Y M N CXXIII.

I.

BURY'd in Shadows of the Night,
We lie till CHRIST restores the Light,
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

II.

Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till his atoning Blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep Distress,
And sing, The LORD our Righteousness.

III.

Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,
His Spirit makes our Nature clean :
Such Virtues from his Suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

IV.

JESUS, beholds where Satan reigns,

Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

V.

Poor helpless Worms in thee possess,
Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O LORD, to thee.

H Y M N CXXIV.

I.

HOW heavy is the Night
That hangs upon our Eyes,
Till CHRIST with his reviving Light
Over our Souls arise!

II.

Our guilty Spirit dread
To meet the Wrath of Heav'n,
But in his Righteousness array'd
We see our Sins forgiv'n.

III.

Unholly and impure
Are all our Thoughts and Ways,
His Hands infected Nature cure
With sanctifying Grace.

IV.

The Pow'rs of Hell agree
To hold our Souls in vain;
He sets the Sons of Bondage free,
And breaks the cursed Chain.

LORD

V.

LORD, we adore thy Ways
To bring us near to GOD,
Thy Sov'reign Power, thy healing Grace,
And thine atoning Blood.

H Y M N CXXV

I.

NOT to condemn the Sons of Men
Did CHRIST the Son of GOD appear:
No Weapons in his Hands are seen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.

II.

Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man so well,
He sent his SON to bear our Load
Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.

III.

Sinners, believe the SAVIOUR's Word,
Trust in his mighty Name, and live,
A thousand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thousand Blessings give.

IV.

But Vengeance and Damnation lies
On Rebels who refuse the Grace;
Who GOD's eternal SON despise.
The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

H Y M N CXXVI.

I.

WHO can describe the Joys that rise,
Thro' all the Courts of Paridise,

To see a Prodigal return,
To see an Heir of Glory born?

II.

With Joy the Father doth approve
The Fruit of his eternal Love;
The Son with Joy looks down and sees
The Purchase of his Agonies.

III.

The Spirit takes Delight to view
The holy Soul he form'd anew;
And Saints and Angels join to sing
The growing Empire of their King.

H Y M N CXXVII.

I.

I 'M not ashamed to own my LORD,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

II.

JESUS, my GOD; I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

III.

Firm as his Throne his Promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his Hands,
Till the decisive Hour.

Then

IV.

Then will he own my worthless Name
 Before his Father's Face,
 And in the new *Jerusalem*
 Appoint my Soul a Place.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

I.

LORD, we confess our num'rous Fau'ts,
 How great our Guilt has been!
 Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
 And all our Lives were Sin.

II.

But, O my Soul, for ever praise,
 For ever love his Name,
 Who turns thy Feet from dang'rous Ways,
 Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.

III.

'Tis not by Works of Righteousness
 Which our own Hands have done;
 But we are sav'd by Sov'reign Grace,
 Abounding thro' his Son.

IV.

'Tis from the Mercy of our God
 That all our Hopes begin;
 'Tis by the Water and the Blood
 Our Souls are wash'd from Sin.

V.

'Tis through the Purchase of his Death,
 Who hung upon the Tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry Bones as we.

Rais'd

VI.

Rais'd from the Dead we live anew;
 And justify'd by Grace,
 We shall appear in Glory too,
 And see our Father's Face.

H Y M N CXXIX.

I.

LORD, how secure my Conscience was,
 And felt no inward Dread!
 I was alive without the Law,
 And thought my Sins were dead.

II.

My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright;
 But since the Precept came
 With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
 I find how vile I am.

III.

My Guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How Perfect, Holy, Just, and Pure,
 Was thine eternal Law.

IV.

Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
 My Sins reviv'd again,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my Hopes were slain.

V.

I'm like a helpless Captive sold,
 Under the Pow'r of Sin,

I cannot do the Good I would,
Nor keep my Conscience clean,

VI.

My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath
For some kind Pow'r to save,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
And thus redeem the Slave.

H Y M N CXXX.

CHRIST'S Invitation to Sinners.

I.

“ COME hither all ye weary Souls,
“ Ye heavenly laden Sinners come,
“ I'll give you Rest from all you Toils,
“ And raise you to my heav'nly Home.

II.

“ They shall find Rest that learn of me,
“ I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
“ But Passion rages like the Sea,
“ And Pride is restless as the Wind.

III.

“ Bless'd is the Man whose Shoulders take
“ My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
“ My Yoke is easy to his Neck,
“ My Grace shall make the Burden light.”

IV.

JESUS, we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal,
Resign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

HYMN

H Y M N CXXXI.

I.

HOW oft have Sin and Satan strove
To rend my Soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy Love,
And Jesus seals it with his Blood.

II.

The Oath and Promise of the LORD,
Join to perform the wond'rous Grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the Word,
And fills all Heaven with endless Praise.

III.

Amidst Temptations sharp and long
My Soul to this dear Refuge flies;
Hope is my Anchor, firm and strong,
While Tempests blow, and Billows rise.

IV.

The Gospel bears my Spirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

H Y M N CXXXII.

I.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs:
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
In these cold Hearts of ours.

II.

Look how we grovel here below,

N.

Fond

Fond of these trifling Toys;
Our Souls can neither fly nor grow
To reach eternal Joys.

III.

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosanna's languish on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

IV.

Dear LORD! and shall we ever lie,
At this poor dying Rate?
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?

V.

Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs
Come, shed abroad a SAVIOUR'S Love,
And that shall kindle ours.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

I.

LIFT up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

II.

'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood,
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

III.

Petitions now and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Off'rings bring,
The Priest with his own Sacrifice,
Presents to them the King.

IV.

Let Papists trust what Names they please,
Their Saints and Angels boast;
We've no such Advocates as these,
Nor pray to the heav'nly Host.

V.

JESUS alone shall bear my Cries
Up to his Father's Throne:
He (dearest LORD) perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry Groan.

VI.

Ten thousand Praises to the King,
" Hosanna in the high'st ; "
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To GOD and to his CHRIST.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

I.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast:
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.

II.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear ;

Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In swift Obedience move;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

V.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N CXXXV.

I.

PLUNG'd in a Gulph of dark Despair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimm'ring Day.

II.

With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love!)
He ran to our Relief.

III.

Down from the shining Seats above

With

With joyful Haste he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

IV

He spoil'd the Pow'rs of Darkness thus,
And brake our Iron Chains;
JESUS has freed our captive Souls,
From everlasting Pains.

V.

In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His cursed Projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless Slaves,
Are rais'd above the Skies.

VI.

Oh, for this Love, let Rock and Hills
Their lasting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The SAVIOUR'S Praises speak.

VII.

Yes, we will praise thee, dearest LORD,
Our Souls are all on Flame;
Hosanna round the spacious Earth
To thine adored Name.

VIII

Angels, assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

I.

AND now the Scales have left mine Eyes
 Now I begin to see:
 Oh, the curs'd Deeds my Sins have done!
 What murd'rous things they be!

II.

Were these the Traytors, dearest LORD,
 That thy fair Body tore?
 Monsters that stain'd those heav'nly Limbs
 With Floods of purple Gore?

III.

Was it for Crimes that I had done,
 My dearest LORD was slain,
 When Justice seiz'd God's only SON,
 And put his Soul to Pain?

IV.

Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace,
 I'll wound my GOD no more:
 Hence from my Heart, ye Sins, be gone,
 For JESUS I adore.

V.

Furnish me, LORD, with heav'nly Arms
 From Grace's Magazine.
 And I'll proclaim eternal War
 With ev'ry darling Sin.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

I.

ARISE, my Soul, my joyful Pow'rs,
 And triumph in my God;

Awake, my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.

II.

He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my Standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

III.

The Arms of everlasting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd,
And on the Rocks of Ages set
My slipp'ry Footsteps fast.

IV.

The City of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with Grace;
Salvation for a Bulwark stands
To shield the sacred Place.

V.

Satan may vent his sharpest Spite,
And all his Legions roar;
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Pow'r.

VI.

Arise, my Soul, awake, my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleasure sing;
Loud Hallelujah's shall address
My SAVIOUR and my KING.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

I.

HOW sad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin, how deep it stains!

And Satan binds our captive Minds
Fast in his slavish Chains.

II.

But there's a Voice of sov'reign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word ;
" Ho ! ye despairing Sinners come,
" And trust upon the Lord."

III.

My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call,
And runs to this Relief ;
I would believe thy Promise, Lord ;
Oh ! help my Unbelief.

IV.

To the dear Fountain of thy Blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of deepest Dye.

V.

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
My reigning Sins subdue ;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.

VI.

AgUILTY, weak, and helpless Worm
On thy kind Arms I fall :
Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My JESUS, and my All.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

I.

Infinite Grief ! amazing Woe !
Behold my bleeding LORD :

Hell

Hell and the Jews conspir'd his Death,
And us'd the Roman Sword.

II.

Oh, the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
His sacred Body tore!

III.

But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman Bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

IV.

'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were;
Each of my Crimes became a Nail;
And Unbelief, the Spear.

V.

'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance down
Upon his guiltless Head:
Break, break, my heart, oh, burst mine eyes
And let my Sorrows bleed.

VI.

Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes
In undissembled Woe.

H Y M N CXL.

I.

COME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs;
Come,

Come, tender to Almighty Grace
The Tributes of your Tongues.

II.

So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them Life again.

III.

Thy Hands, dear JESUS, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod,
No hard Commission to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

IV.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne,
When CHRIST on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

V.

Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty SAVIOUR's Name,
And you shall never die.

VI.

See, dearest LORD, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praise.

H Y M N CXLI.

I.

LAMB of GOD, for Sinners slain,
To thee I feeble pray,

Heal

Heal me of my Grief and Pain,
 O take my Sins away;
 From this Bondage, LORD, release,
 No longer let me be oppress'd:
 JESUS, Master, seal my Peace,
 And take me to thy Breast.

II

Hast thou not invited all
 Who groan beneath their Sin?
 Weary I obey the Call,
 And come to be made clean:
 Give my burthen'd Conscience Ease;
 O grant me now the promis'd Rest;
 JESUS, Master, seal my Peace,
 And take me to thy Breast.

III.

Wilt thou cast a Sinner out,
 Who humbly comes to thee?
 No, my GOD, I cannot doubt,
 Thy Mercy is for me;
 Let me then obtain the Grace,
 And be of Paridise posses'd:
 JESUS, Master, seal my Peace,
 And take me to thy Breast.

IV.

Worldly Good I do not want,
 Be that to others given:
 Only for thy Love I pant,
 My All in Earth and Heaven;
 This is the Crown I fain would seize,
 The Good wherewith I would be blest:

JESUS,

JESUS, Master, seal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breast.

V.

This Delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my Breath,
Join the happy Few, whose Love
Was mightier than Death :
Let it not my LORD displease,
That I would die to be thy Guest :
JESUS, Master, seal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breast.

H Y M N CXLII.

I.

O That my Load of Sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit
At JESU'S Feet to lay it down,
To lay my Soul at JESU'S Feet !

II.

When shall mine Eyes behold the Lamb,
The GOD of my Salvation see !
Weary O LORD thou know'st I am,
Yet still I cannot come to thee.

III.

Rest for my Soul I long to find,
SAVIOUR, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly Mind,
And stamp thy Image on my Heart.

IV.

Fain would I learn of thee, my GOD,
Thy Light and easy Burthen prove,

Thy

Thy Cross all stain'd with hallow'd Blood,
The Labour of thy dying Love.

V.

This Moment would I take it up,
And after my dear Master bear,
With thee ascend to Calv'ry's Top,
And bow my Head and suffer there.

VI.

Come, LORD, the drooping Sinner cheer,
Nor let thy Chariot-wheels delay:
Appear, in my poor Heart appear,
My GOD, my SAVIOUR, come away!

H Y M N CXLIII.

I.

O Love divine, what hast thou done,
Th' immortal GOD hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my Sins upon the Tree!
Th' immortal GOD for me hath died,
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

II.

Behold him all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace;
Come, see ye Worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever Grief like his!
Come, feel with me his Blood applied!
My LORD, my Love is crucified!

III.

Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us Rebels back to God:
Believe, believe the Record true,

We all are bought with Jesu's Blood;
 Pardon and Life flow from his Side:
 My LORD, my Love is crucified!

IV.

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
 And gladly catch the healing Stream,
 All Things for him account but Loss,
 And give up all your Hearts to him,
 Of nothing speak or think beside,
 My LORD, my Love is crucified!

H Y M N CXLIV.

I.

FATHER, if thou my Father art,
 Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,
 Breathe him into my panting Heart,
 And make me know as I am known,
 Make me thy conscious Child, that I
 May Father, Abba, Father, cry!

II.

I want the Spirit of Power within,
 Of Love, and of an healthful Mind;
 Of Power to conquer in-bred Sin,
 Of Love to thee, and all Mankind,
 Of Health, that Pain and Death defies,
 Most vig'rous when the Body dies.

III.

When shall I hear the inward Voice,
 Which only faithful Souls can hear;
 Pardon, and Peace, and heavenly Joys,
 Attend the promis'd Comforter;

He

He comes, and Righteousness divine,
And CHRIST, and all with CHRIST, is mine.

IV.

O that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient Guest,
But fix me in his constant Home,
And keep Possession of my Breast,
And make my Soul his lov'd Abode,
The Temple of in-dwelling God!

H Y M N CXLV.

I.

O Draw me, SAVIOUR, after thee,
So shall I run, and never tire;
With gracious Words still comfort me,
Be thou my Hope, my sole Desire:
Free me from every Weight; nor Fear,
Nor Sin can come, if thou art near.

II.

My Health, my Light, my Life, my Crown
My Portion, and my Treasure thou;
O take me, seal me for thine own,
To thee alone my Soul I bow:
Without thee all is Pain; my Mind
Repose in nought but thee can find.

III.

Howe'er I rove, where'er I turn,
In thee alone is all my Rest;
Be thou my Theme, within me burn,
Jesu, and in thee am blest:
Thou art the Balm of Life: My Soul
Is faint, O save, O make it whole!

O 2

What

IV.

What in thy Love possess I not?
 My Star by Night, my Sun by Day,
 My spring of life, when parch'd with drought
 My Wine to chear, my Bread to stay,
 My Strength, my Shield, my safe Abode,
 My Robe before the Throne of God.

V.

From all Eternity with Love
 Unchangeable thou hast me view'd:
 E'er knew this beating Heart to move,
 Thy tender Mercies me pursu'd:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every Side.

VI.

Still let thy Love point out my Way,
 (How wond'rous Thing thy Love hath
 Still lead me, lest I go astray, [wrought;)
 Direct my Work, inspire my Thought,
 And when I fall, soon may I hear
 Thy Voice, and know that Love is near.

VII.

In Suff'ring be thy Love my Peace,
 In Weakness be thy Love my Power;
 And when the Storms of Life shall cease
 JESU, in that important Hour,
 In Death, as Life be thou my Guide,
 And save me who for me hast died.

H : Y : M : N : CXLVI.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom still I hold, but cannot see!

My Company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee :
 With thee all Night I mean to stay,
 And wrestle till the Break of Day.

II.

I need not tell thee who I am,
 My Misery or Sin declare :
 Thyself hast call'd me by my Name ;
 Look on thy Hands and read it there
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy Name, and tell me now.

III.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my Hold :
 Art thou the Man that died for me ?
 The Secret of thy Love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

IV.

What tho' my shrinking Flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long ;
 I rise superior to my Pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong :
 And when my all of Strength do fail,
 I shall with the God-Man prevail.

V.

My Strength is gone, my Nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty Hand,
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by Faith I stand.
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

H Y M N CXLV

I.

SAVIOUR, the World's and mine,
 Was ever Grief like thine!
 Thou my Pain and Curse hast took,
 All my Sins were laid on thee:
 Help me, LORD, to thee I look:
 Draw me, SAVIOUR, after thee.

II.

'Tis done! my GOD hath died,
 My Love is crucified!
 Break this stony Heart of mine,
 Pour my Eyes a ceaseless Flood,
 Feel my Soul, the Pangs divine,
 Catch my Heart, the issuing Blood!

III.

When, O my GOD, shall I
 For thee submit to die?
 How the mighty Debt repay,
 Rival of thy Passion prove?
 Lead me in thyself the Way,
 Melt my Hardness into Love.

IV.

To love is all my Wish,
 I only live for this:
 Grant me, LORD, my Heart's Desire,
 There by Faith for ever dwell:
 This I always will require,
 Thee, and only thee, to feel.

V.

Thy Power I pant to prove,
 Rooted and fix'd in Love;

Strengthen'd

Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's Might,
 Wise to fathom Things divine,
 What the Length, and Breadth, and Height,
 What the Depth of Love like thine!

H Y M N CXLVIII.

I.

O For a Thousand Tongues to sing
 My dear REDEEMER'S Praise!
 The Glories of my GOD and King,
 The Triumphs of his Grace.

II.

My gracious Master and my GOD,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread thro' all the Earth abroad
 The Honours of thy Name.

III.

JESU, the Name that charms our Fears,
 That bids our Sorrows cease;
 'Tis Musick in the Sinners Ears
 'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.

IV.

He breaks the Power of cancel'd Sin,
 He sets the Prisoners free:
 His Blood can make the foulest clean;
 His Blood avail'd for me.

V.

He speaks; and listening to his Voice,
 New Life the Dead receive,
 The mournful broken Hearts rejoice,
 The humble Poor believe.

Hear

VI.

Hear him, ye Deaf ; his Praise, ye Dumb,
 Your loosen'd Tongues employ,
 Ye Blind, behold your SAVIOUR come,
 And leap, ye Lame, for Joy.

VII.

Look unto him ye Nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen Race !
 Look and be sav'd thro' Faith alone,
 Be justified by Grace.

H Y M N CXLIX.

I.

VAIN delusive World adieu,
 With all of Creature-good ;
 Only JESUS I pursue,
 Who bought me with his Blood :
 All thy Pleasure I forego,
 I trample on thy Wealth and Pride,
 Only JESUS will I know,
 And JESUS crucified.

II.

Other Knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but Vanity :
 CHRIST, the Lamb of GOD was slain,
 He tasted Death for me :
 Me to save from endless Woe,
 The Sin-atonig Victim died :
 Only JESUS will I know,
 And JESUS crucified.

III.

Turning to my Rest again,
 The SAVIOUR I adore, He

He relieves my Grief and Pain,
 And bids me weep no more:
 Rivers of Salvation flow
 From out his Head, his Hands, his Side;
 Only JESUS will I know,
 And JESUS crucified.

Here will I set up my Rest,
 My fluctuating Heart
 From the Haven of his Breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a Sinner go?
 His Wounds for me stand open wide:
 Only JESUS will I know,
 And JESUS crucified.

Part the Second.

WHAT tho' all I am is Sin,
 Sin cannot break my Peace,
 Here is Blood to wash me clean,
 From all Unrighteousness:
 This shall wash me white as Snow:
 On this for all Things I confide:
 Only JESUS will I know,
 And JESUS crucified.

WHAT tho' Hell and Earth engage
 To shake my Soul with Fear,
 Calmly I defy the Rage
 Of Persecution near:
 Suffering Faith shall brighter glow,

As

As Gold when in the Furnace tried:

Only JESUS will I know,

And JESUS crucified.

VII.

Him to know is Life and Peace,

And Pleasure without End:

This is all my Happiness,

On JESUS to depend.

Daily in his Grace to grow,

And ever in his Faith abide:

Only JESUS will I know,

And JESUS crucified.

VIII.

O that I could all invite,

This saving Truth to prove I can.

Shew the length, and breadth, and height,

And depth of JESU'S Love.

Fain I would to Sinners shew

The Blood by Faith alone apply'd,

Only JESUS will I know,

And JESUS crucified.

IX.

Him in all my Works I see,

Who hung upon the Tree,

Only of his Love I speak,

Who freely died for me.

While I sojourn here below,

Of Nothing will I think beside;

Only JESUS will I know,

And JESUS crucified.

HYMN

[167]

H Y M N C L.

I.

LET the World their Virtue boast,
Their Works of Righteousness;
I, a Wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by Grace:
Other Title I disclaim,
This, only this is all my Plea,
I the Chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

II.

Let the stronger Son's of God
Their Liberty assert,
Justly glory in the Blood
That made them pure in Heart;
I am full of Guilt and Shame,
My Heart as black as Hell I see;
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

III.

Happy they, whose Joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling Stream,
Who their Heaven in CHRIST have found
And give the Praise to him:
Let them triumph in his Name,
Enjoy their full Felicity:
I the chief of Sinners am,
But JESUS died for me.

IV.

Blest are they, entirely blest,
Who can in him rejoice,
Lean on his beloved Breast,
And hear the Bridgroom's Voice:

Meanest Follower of the Lamb,
 His Steps I at a Distance see,
 I the chief of Sinners am,
 But JESUS died for me.

V.
 Surely he will lift me up,
 For I of him have Need;
 I cannot give up my Hope,
 Tho' I am cold and dead;
 To bring Fire on Earth he came,
 That it now might kindled be!
 I the chief of Sinners am,
 But JESUS died for me.

VI.
 JESUS, thou for me hast died,
 And thou in me wilt live,
 I shall feel thy Death applied;
 I shall thy Life receive :
 Yet when melted in the Flame
 Of Love, this shall be all my Plea ;
 I the chief of Sinners am,
 But JESUS died for me.

H Y M N C L I.

I.

I Want an Heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease ;
 Never to murmur at thy Stay,
 Or with my Suff'rings less.
 This Blessing above all,
 Always to pray I want,

Out

Out of the Deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

II.

I want a true Regard,
A single, steady Aim,
(Unmov'd by Threat'ning or Reward)
To thee, and thy great Name;
A jealous, just Concern
For thine immortal Praise,
A pure Desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy Grace.

III.

I want, with all my Heart
Thy Pleasure to fulfill:
To know myself, and what thou art,
And what thy perfect Will:
I want, I now not what,
I want my Wants to see;
I want—alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

H Y M N CLII.

I.

O Heavenly King,
Look down from above;
Assist us to sing
Thy Mercy and Love;
So sweetly o'erflowing,
So plenteous the Store,
Thou still art bestowing,
And giving us more.

II.

O God of our Life,
 We hallow thy Name,
 Our Business and Strife,
 Is thee to proclaim;
 Accept our Thanksgiving,
 For creating Grace;
 The Living, the Living,
 Shall shew forth thy Praise.

III.

Our Father and Lord,
 Almighty art thou:
 Preserv'd by the World,
 We worship thee now,
 The bountiful Donor
 Of all we enjoy!
 Our Tongues to thine Honour,
 And Lives we employ.

IV.

But, O! above all
 Thy Kindness we praise,
 From Sin and from Thrall,
 Which saves the lost Race;
 Thy Son thou hast given,
 A World to redeem,
 And bring us to Heaven,
 Whose Trust is in him.

V.

Wherefore of thy Love
 We sing and rejoice,
 With Angels above

We lift up our Voice,
Thy Love each Believer
Shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever,
When Time is no more.

H Y M N CLIII.

I.

THE Lamb is slain, let us adore,
And own how wonderful the Grace;
May ev'ry Sinner prove the Pow'r
Of this to give eternal Peace.
Who here submit this Grace, who prove
Serve without Dread, with Rev'rence love.

II.

The Lamb is slain, him Day and Night
Th' united Choirs of Angels sing;
To him enthron'd above all Height
Heav'n's Host their noblest Praises bring;
While here poor Sinners join the Song,
And praise him with a flamm'ring Tongue.

III.

Gladly our own poor Works we leave,
Wealth, Honour, Fame, for thee alone,
To thee our Flesh, Soul, Spirit give:
Thy Death hath claim'd them for thy own
We view thee hence our only Lord,
Be thou in ev'ry Heart ador'd.

IV.

Saviour of Sinners, may thy Blood

Our Hearts with Peace and Power fill;
 Still may we make thy Flesh our Food,
 Still hear and love thy sovereign Will;
 And each to each united be,
 By Truth's unfeign'd Simplicity.

V.

Thro' thee we live, for thou hast drown'd
 Our Hell, our Curse, our Sins and all
 In this unfathomable Sea;

Fall prostrate lost in wonder fall,
 Ye Sinners for the Lamb is slain
 Who died that we might Live again.

VI.

As Ground when parch'd with Summer's heat
 Gladly drinks in the welcome Show'r,
 So may we list'ning at thy Feet

Catch ev'ry Word, and feel thy Pow'r:
 O let nought in our Hearts remain,
 But this great Truth, The Lamb is slain,



CONTENTS



CONTENTS.

A

Page

A Sinner to thee, Lord, I come	—	16
Attend ye Daughters of the King		58
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	—	61
Arise, eternal God of Hosts	—	76
All ye that pass by	—	89
Away my unbelieving Fear	—	112
All Glory and Praise	—	122
Array'd in mortal Flesh	—	128
And now the Scales have left mine Eyes		150
Arise my Soul, my joyful Powers	—	150

B

Behold, dear Lamb, thy Children here	—	6
Behold we meet to worship God	—	56
Bless'd be the Lord who loves his own	—	68
Behold how good a Thing	—	69
Behold the Saviour of Mankind	—	72
Behold the Glories of the Lamb	—	129
Behold the Grace appears	—	131
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night	—	138

C

Come ye Saints and Angels join	—	3
Come,		

CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice</i> —	7
<i>Christ, the Lord, is risen to Day</i> —	11
<i>Come thou Fount of every Blessing</i> —	13
<i>Come, Saviour Jesus, quickly come</i>	25
<i>Children of Israel see what Shade</i> —	29
<i>Come, and let us sweetly join</i> —	75
<i>Come ye that love the Lord,</i> —	91
<i>Christ the Lord is risen to-Day</i> —	92
<i>Come let us ascend</i> — —	102
<i>Come thou long expected Jesus</i> —	109
<i>Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy Seal</i> —	119
<i>Come, Jesus, come, descend and dwell</i>	122
<i>Come let us join our chearful Songs</i> —	136
<i>Come hither all ye weary Souls</i> —	144
<i>Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove</i>	145
<i>Come, happy Souls, approach your God</i>	153
<i>Come, O thou Traveller unknown</i> —	160

D

<i>Does Jesus still the same remain</i> —	32
---	----

E

<i>Early the first Day of the Week</i> —	4
--	---

F

<i>Far from my Thoughts vain World begone</i>	37
<i>Father, attend my Saviour's Groans</i> —	65
<i>Faint is my Head and sick my Heart</i>	71

Father

CONTENTS.

	Page
<i>Father of Jesus Christ the Just</i> ———	79
<i>Father, if thou my Father art</i> ———	158

G

<i>Glorious Saviour of my Soul</i> ———	14
<i>God of my Salvation, hear</i> ———	85
<i>Glory be to God on high</i> ———	89

H

<i>Hail the Day that sees him rise</i> ———	12
<i>How many Souls mistake the Truth</i> ———	28
<i>How sad's my State, I know not how</i> —	42
<i>Hosanna with a chearful Sound</i> ———	51
<i>Hark! the Herald Angels sing</i> ———	83
<i>He comes! he comes! the Judge severe</i>	98
<i>How long, O Lord, shall we</i> ———	119
<i>Hearts of Stone, relent, relent</i> ———	121
<i>How beauteous are their Feet</i> ———	132
<i>How heavy is the Night</i> ———	139
<i>How oft have Sin and Satan strove</i> —	145
<i>Happy the Heart where Graces reign</i> —	147
<i>How sad our State by Nature is</i> ———	151

I

<i>Jesus I stretch my Hands to thee</i> ———	18
<i>Jesus, blest Name, how sweet it sounds</i>	19
<i>In all my Troubles, sharp and strong</i> —	33
<i>Jesus knit all our Hearts to thee</i> ———	55

Jesus

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>Jesus the all-atoning Lamb</i> _____	64
<i>Jesus the all-restoring Word</i> _____	73
<i>Jesus, my Lord. attend</i> _____	78
<i>Jesus my all to Heaven is gone</i> _____	87
<i>Jesus thou art my Righteousness</i> _____	101
<i>Jesu, Lover of my Soul</i> _____	113
<i>In Jesus we live, in Jesus we rest</i> _____	120
<i>Jesu, thy Blood and Righteousness</i> _____	124
<i>Join all the glorious Names</i> _____	126
<i>I'm not asham'd to own my Lord</i> _____	141
<i>Infinite Grief, amazing Woe</i> _____	152
<i>I want an Heart to pray</i> _____	168

L

<i>Lord, I hear thy Mercy Store</i> _____	8
<i>Lord, hast thou suffer'd me to see</i> _____	9
<i>Look up, my Soul, and see thy God</i> _____	22
<i>Let God be here; let Jesus love</i> _____	59
<i>Lord are the Righteous scarcely sav'd</i> —	67
<i>Lord, if now thou passest by me</i> _____	87
<i>Lord we are vile conceiv'd in Sin</i> _____	103
<i>Let Earth and Heaven agree</i> _____	105
<i>Long have we sat beneath the Sound</i> _____	107
<i>Lord, we come before thee now</i> _____	110
<i>Lamb of God, whose bleeding Love</i> —	117
<i>Love divine, all Love excelling</i> _____	125
<i>Lord, we confess our num'rous Fau'ts</i> _____	142
<i>Lord, how secure my Conscience was</i> —	143
<i>Lift up your Eyes to the heav'nly Seats</i> _____	146
<i>Lamb of God for Sinners slain</i> _____	154
<i>Let the World their Virtue boast</i> _____	167
	My

C O N T E N T S.

M

Page

My God, my God, on thee I call	—	74
Meet and right it is to sing	—	80
My drowsy Powers why sleep ye so	—	99

N

Now, Lord, another of thy Days	—	10
Now I've found the Ground wherein	—	46
Not to condemn the Sons of Men	—	140

O

O thou eternal Victim slain	—	17
O tell me no more	—	20
Oh! the Delights the Heavenly Joys	—	26
O had I not a Saviour dear	—	31
O Lamb, O Lamb, thou Sinners Friend	—	34
O blessed Son of God	—	40
O for an Heart to praise my God	—	81
O Son of Righteousness arise	—	86
Our Lord is risen from the Dead	—	93
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God	—	96
O Love divine, how sweet thou art	—	97
O let thy Love our Hearts constrain	—	108
Our Shepherd alone	—	123
O Lord how great's the Favour	—	133
O for an overcoming Faith	—	136
O that my load of sin were gone	—	156
O love divine what hast thou done	—	157

O

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
<i>O draw me, Saviour, after thee</i> —	159
<i>O for a thousand Tongues to sing</i> —	163
<i>O heavenly King</i> —	169

P

<i>Plung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair</i>	148
---	-----

S

<i>Sure none can conceive</i> —	41
<i>Sinners obey the Gospel Word</i> —	83
<i>Sweet is the Mem'ry of thy Grace</i> —	100
<i>Saviour, the World's and mine</i> —	162

T

<i>The Deeds of the Lamb</i> —	23
<i>Thrice welcome to my Sin-sick Heart</i> —	44
<i>'Tis strange, and yet 'tis true I stray</i>	45
<i>Thanks to thy Mercy, dearest Lamb</i> —	48
<i>Thou, Saviour, my good shepherd art</i>	49
<i>The Voice of my beloved sounds</i> —	50
<i>The Saviour meets his Flock to-day</i> —	57
<i>Thy Presence, Saviour, may I feel</i> —	60
<i>Thee we adore, eternal Name</i> —	62
<i>'Tis done, the Rocks are rent in twain</i> —	66
<i>The Lord of Earth and Sky</i> —	104
<i>Tell us, O Women, we would know</i> —	106
<i>Try us, O God; and search the Ground</i>	111
<i>Thou God of glorious Majesty</i> —	114

'Twas

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
'Twas on that dark, that doleful Night	116
Thou very Paschal Lamb — — —	117
The Lamb is slain, let us adore — — —	171

V

Vain are the Hopes the Sons of Men — — —	137
Vain delusive World adieu. — — —	164

W

What is this World to me — — —	25
What Trumpet's this that sounds — — —	33
When all thy Mercies, O my God — — —	36
Who can have greater Cause to sing — — —	38
Why is my Heart so far from thee — — —	52
When I can read my Title clear — — —	54
When I survey the wond'rous Cross — — —	54
Who shall the Lord's Elect condemn — — —	135
Who can describe the Joys that rise — — —	140
What tho' all I am is Sin — — —	165

Y

Ye Servants of God — — —	94
--------------------------	----

E N D.

C O N T E N T S

Page	
176	On the death of the late King
177	On the death of the late King
178	On the death of the late King



Page	
179	On the death of the late King
180	On the death of the late King

W

Page	
181	On the death of the late King
182	On the death of the late King
183	On the death of the late King
184	On the death of the late King
185	On the death of the late King
186	On the death of the late King
187	On the death of the late King
188	On the death of the late King
189	On the death of the late King
190	On the death of the late King
191	On the death of the late King
192	On the death of the late King
193	On the death of the late King
194	On the death of the late King
195	On the death of the late King
196	On the death of the late King
197	On the death of the late King
198	On the death of the late King
199	On the death of the late King
200	On the death of the late King

Y

Page	
201	On the death of the late King
202	On the death of the late King



